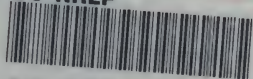


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HOUND AND HORN
OR
LIFE AND RECOLLECTIONS
OF
GEORGE CARTER
THE GREAT HUNTSMAN







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HOUND AND HORN.





GEORGE CARTER.

ÆTAT 79.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BULL OF PETERBOROUGH.

HOUND AND HORN;

OR,

THE LIFE AND RECOLLECTIONS

OF

George Carter,

THE GREAT HUNTSMAN.

By I. H. G.

LONDON

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.,

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PREFACE.

THE preface is of no value beyond giving the author an opportunity of button-holing the reader before starting, just to warn him that this is *not* a "sporting book" in the common sense of the word, and that he is not and does not aspire to be a "sporting (?) writer," one of those who claim to be experts in describing a run, in the story whereof there is little or no clue about the weather, the wind, the scent, the line of country, and the finding and hunting and death of the fox—the only details which interest the real sportsman—though there is a great deal about "that prince of sportsmen," the master, the writer's joy at seeing Lord and Lady So-and-so in the saddle, and Miss Dinah on her pony, Daisy charming as ever, &c., &c. This class of writer aggravates real sportsmen, who look

with silent contempt on the “padding” of which so-called “account of runs” mainly consists, the writers whereof take in vain the names of a whole county-side — themselves not knowing a lady or gentleman in the shire—who talk familiarly about huntsmen and whips as “Charley This,” and “Bill That,” and degrade the fox by designating him as “Reynard,” “Charley,” “Sly boots,” &c., &c.

This kind of “chatter” though vulgar, is harmless, and is only alluded to *en passant*.

Speaking in the first person, I have not aspired to write any book, nor have I scribbled sensational nonsense for the public. I have only jotted down the things I have heard from one of the finest huntsmen that ever carried a horn, whose only thought was with his hounds, whose horn was only touched when required, and who, while he rode well to the last, and boldly I believe in his former years (but that was before my acquaintance with him) looked upon his horse simply as a means of carrying him up to the hounds, expecting, of course, to be mounted on an animal capable of so doing while it wanted little guidance from him. He never once

thought whether there was a fence to be "negotiated" (that I believe is "Mr. Gent's" expression), or whether he had simply to ride over the open. In all my hours with Carter during a period of nineteen years, and we were much together, he rarely mentioned his horse at all, unless I happened to call his attention to some particular animal which he might have ridden, and then his reply was generally "Oh, yes, 'twere a very good one, and carried me well for two, three, or more seasons," as the case might be, but not one word about "I rode him, or her, over a five-barred gate, or a double flight of posts and rails, or a brook a quarter of a mile wide."

Having myself been born and bred in the centre of the Tedworth Hunt, and being familiar with every inch of the country, which was "the happy hunting ground" of George Carter for very many years of his life, it struck me that many of the real sportsmen of England might like to read some of the old man's opinions and recollections of sport, together with his experiences of *old* fashions and *new*. This book simply professes to be jottings of the old huntsman's fireside talk to myself, from time

to time, during very many years, and of little events of which I can speak from personal experience.

In alluding to the dead I have kept before me the old golden rule, "De mortuis," &c.; in alluding to the living, if I have said a word which may occasion to any one a moment's pain, I trust I may have the benefit of its being attributed to inadvertence, and that the person or persons who may be aggrieved will consider that my apology has been tendered before demanded. So now let us leave the Preface, and get on with

THE LIFE AND RECOLLECTIONS OF
GEORGE CARTER,
THE GREAT HUNTSMAN.

HOUND AND HORN;

OR, THE

LIFE AND RECOLLECTIONS OF GEORGE CARTER.

GEORGE CARTER was born of respectable parents in the village of Bromfield, near Ludlow, Salop, on November 29th, 1792, and at an early age showed a true love for the noble science with which his whole after-life was so closely associated.

According to his own account he used, while quite a boy, to “mouch” from school, to run with a pack of harriers in the neighbourhood whenever the opportunity offered. These repeated acts of truancy, coming to the ears of the home-rulers, and not meeting with their approval, caused such a disruption in the family circles, that young George left his father’s house, and took service with Mr. Forrester of Elmley, to look after horses, make himself generally useful about the stables, with the chance of an occasional mount as whip to the harriers; and after some time

he looked after the pack altogether. This was his first entry.

We find him next at Mickletown, about the age of twenty, where he had the management of a pack of harriers, kept by the Rev. Mr. Graves, and after about two years' service with this gentleman he laid by the horn for a time, and took to farming. But his heart was still in hunting, and, finding his new occupation not so profitable as he supposed, he again found service in the saddle, donning the red coat and cap in preference to the green, and became whip to the Warwickshire, with Mr. Shirley as "master," and Jack Wood as "huntsman." This was about the year 1823. What may have been his reason for leaving this service is of little consequence, but about 1825 he again returned to harriers kept by Mr. West; and in 1827 he entered the service of his Grace the Duke of Grafton, as whip, under Ned Rose. Here he continued till 1831, when he got his promotion by going to the Honourable Grantley Berkeley, who at that time hunted the Oakley. This was his first appearance as huntsman. In 1833 he once more returned to the Duke of Grafton, and here he carried the horn in his Grace's country.

A continued service of twelve years with such a pack and in such a country soon established his

reputation, and on his Grace's hounds being sold in 1842 the Squire of Tedworth secured the lot, with the understanding that George Carter was to come with them, or, as it is said he expressed it, "He bought the hounds and George Carter." As Mr. Assheton Smith hunted his own hounds four days a week, the remaining two were assigned to George Carter with a third pack, and every Wednesday throughout the season found him in Wherwell Wood, which he rented of the Vine, and on Saturday he was at the extreme southern side, or rather a part which Mr. Smith secured from the New Forest Hunt. This country extended from Speerywell to Clarendon Park, or beyond it.

It was said of Mr. Assheton Smith, that his great ambition was to have it recorded of him that he had hunted hounds at eighty years of age, but this he never accomplished. About two years before his death, finding himself no longer able to do so much in the saddle, he presented one pack to the Craven, cut his own hunting days with the Tedworth down to four in the week, and left the entire management to George Carter. On the death of Mr. Assheton Smith, the hounds were left in the country, and a committee of management was formed, with the Marquis of Ailesbury as master, and in 1865, when the old

hunter had attained to the age of seventy-three years, and it being considered by the committee that the post was becoming too arduous for him, George Carter was persuaded to retire, though rather against his will, when he took up his residence in the village of Milton, in Pewsey Vale. But still the same love of the old sport burned bright within him, and the hearty greetings which always awaited him at the coverside, whenever he came out with the old pack, or with any other pack in the neighbourhood, showed how he still carried with him the respect and esteem of all, from the highest to the lowest.

As a huntsman, whether in the kennel or in the field, George Carter has never been surpassed. Of a fine commanding figure, which he carried upright as a dart almost to the last, whether he were on foot or in the saddle; with a sedate and rather stern expression of countenance, till his face lighted up with a smile; with a wonderful rich cheery voice, and with a manner noted for its courtesy, he showed that he was a man who never forgot himself by taking a liberty and one with whom no one but a fool or a madman would venture on an impertinent familiarity. George Carter stood as it were alone, or at least one of that very rare class called "nature's gentlemen." He was twice married and had a numerous family; three

of his sons have followed the same line of life as himself; George, well known with the Fitzwilliam, John, who has tried his fortunes with various packs abroad, and Charles, the youngest, who, it is to be hoped, will tread in his father's footsteps.

As the whole of George Carter's life may be gathered in reading what follows in his Recollections, little more need be said here. Those recollections speak of his doings in the various countries in which he hunted, and as he was a man of the strictest integrity, of the most simple modesty, and of a most wonderful memory, there was with him no dressing up tales of his performances, no exaggeration, but a true and unvarnished account. As one, who while he won his bread and earned his livelihood by hunting, dearly loved the sport for hunting's sake and nothing else, we have brought the old man down to the end of his professional career, and it was after his relinquishing the horn and retiring into private life, that these Recollections of his former days have been gathered from his own mouth, and now sent forth to the public by one who, of somewhat kindred spirit, treasured every one of his kind old mentor's words, and would scorn to be aught but a faithful scribe to so faithful a narrator.

CHAPTER I.

IF any one were to ask me, "How long have you known George Carter?" the natural answer to the inquiry would be, "Since the beginning of 1846," which was the date of my first coming back to reside in the home of my first childhood and within the limits of the Tedworth Hunt. It was about four years previous to this that George came to Mr. Assheton Smith's, but at that time he acted as kennel-huntsman, and had his own two regular days, with the third pack; and as one of those days in every week (Wednesday) was invariably Wherwell Wood, and the other (Saturday) on the extreme south part of the country that was rented, or at least hunted, by the Tedworth pack, though belonging to the New Forest country, I had but little opportunity of making any very intimate acquaintance with the great huntsman, whose memoirs or recollections I am now endeavouring to

commit to paper, and it was only on some chance occasion when Mr. Assheton Smith was prevented from hunting, that Carter carried the horn with either of the Squire's special packs on the other days of the week. Still one occasionally went to the kennels, or came across the huntsman in some way or other, or it might be that Mr. Smith would come out "a gentleman," as I believe he expressed it, and hand over the hunting of his own pack, for the day, to George Carter.

But after a while old age began to tell on the Squire of Tedworth, and though he fought against the attacks of time most manfully, and was very anxious, as was reported, to have it handed down to posterity that he had hunted his own hounds at *fourscore*, for once the sturdy will of Mr. Assheton Smith had to give in; and some two years previous to his death, having disposed of the third pack, or rather presented them to the Craven Hunt, he cut down his own days of hunting to four, and gave up the horn to George Carter.

From that time till 1865, George Carter acted regularly as huntsman, and in that capacity one had a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with him in every part of the Tedworth country; but still it was not till a much later period, when he retired from active life, that I formed what may be truly called a strong and

lasting friendship with the dear old man, which never was broken for an hour, and which only grew and increased with time.

Grand and upright as his figure was in the saddle, cheery and musical as was his voice, dignified as was his manner, he never forgot that he was a servant, and combined dignity with a most respectful deportment. But all this was as nothing to what I found him to be in his private life, and it was after his retirement that I first really began to know George Carter, and to appreciate the society of one, who, while he possessed every kind of knowledge of the noble science, and was never surpassed either as kennel or field huntsman, was utterly without conceit, and remarkable for his quiet, unassuming manner. It was a matter of great congratulation to myself that George Carter should have fixed upon Milton as his place of residence, and it was not long after his arrival, and his getting himself settled down in his new quarters, that I paid him the first formal visit ; and, as was very natural, our conversation soon turned upon hounds and hunting. But this was not as I found, "all serene" at starting. The old man—for old he was (seventy-three)—could not quite understand his being "turned out," as he expressed it. And there was naturally some little jealousy at seeing "Jack," who has been his pupil from a boy, usurping the place

at Tedworth which he still felt competent to fill. Nor did this feeling altogether die away for some time; and for more than one season after his appointment as huntsman I observed that Jack Fricker did not often return home from the Oare Hill side of the country through Milton; and I always fancied there was not the best possible feeling towards him from my old friend. Now, I won't take credit for a moment for anything which might have occurred in after years, but I am thankful to say this feeling gradually disappeared, and I believe the present huntsman of the Tedworth never after this felt more pleasure than when he *could* come home by Milton, and stop, if only for a few moments, just to let "*Master*"—as I believe he always addressed him—know what he had done.

As the hunting season came round, after his coming to reside at Milton, I hoped that George Carter would have occasionally come out with the old pack, as he had a "tidy cottage," as he expressed it, with stabling, &c., about six acres of meadow land, and he had also a very nice easy galloway kind of horse, which had been sent to him by his son Andrew; but at first it was no go with him, and if I remember right, it was not till the second year of his being at Milton that I could prevail on him to show his face at the covert

side. The ice once broken, it was all right; and after that, as he generally had a nice easy horse of his own or a mount from some one of his friends, I always looked for a ride to covert on a Tuesday and possibly Thursday morning, with dear old George Carter; and proud I felt at seeing the greetings on all sides, as we appeared together at the meet. The red coat and cap were, after a time, but not at first, as will be seen, once more in the right place; and it was a question whether they most became the old man, or he them. His seat in the saddle was as good as ever, and his voice had lost nothing of its rich and musical note; but it was in the evening of a hunting or non-hunting day, during the season, that I always looked forward to my chat with old Carter. During the summer I saw him every day and all day, as it might happen; but as the days drew in and hounds were out, I rarely missed that last hour or so before going in for the evening meal; and six o'clock, or thereabouts, regularly found me in old George Carter's snug parlour, just to have a talk of hunting, or something connected with it; and then I gathered the incidents of his former life, as they came from his own lips. It is to those pleasant half-hours that I can now look back with satisfaction; and the only regret is that they are days that can never come again.

With the hope, then, that the recollections of the old huntsman may not be altogether thrown away on a rising generation, and that this may help occasionally to pass away an hour that might hang heavily, let us see how they may best be presented to the reader.

CHAPTER II.

It was in the year 1865 that George Carter having retired from active life, and at the age of seventy-three thinking perhaps the duties of huntsman to a four days' a week pack rather greater than he could manage, said good-bye to the kennels at Tedworth, and sought in the quiet little village of Milton a home for his latter years. There was a very comfortable house, quite sufficient for his own wants and that of his family, with stabling, sheds, yards, &c., adjoining, and about six acres of good pasture land attached, which had a short time previously been bought by a very well-known and respected character in the Tedworth Hunt, one Mr. Caleb Symonds, who had for many years held the office of head game-keeper, and afterwards park keeper, or *verderer*, as I always chose to designate him, to the Marquis of Ailesbury, at Savernake Forest. The forest used, within my recollection, to be hunted by the Craven, and I have heard George Carter say that Mr. Smith had offered *old* Lord Ailesbury, the father of the present and late

marquis, one of whom was then Earl Bruce, and the other Lord Ernest Bruce, *five hundred a year to hunt it*. The late marquis, however, would not upset the old arrangement, and so it was not till after Mr. Smith's death that Savernake, or Marlborough Forest, as it is generally called, with all that side of the country, came into the Tedworth Hunt.¹ Mrs. Smith, it must be remembered, gave the hounds to the country, so that it might still continue to be hunted. And so it was that a committee was formed for management, with Lord Ailesbury as chairman, and nominal master of the hounds. Carter and Caleb Symonds were well known to each other, and it was very natural that when the retired huntsman was looking about for a home, and the verderer had a place to suit him standing empty, that the two should soon come to terms, and so it was that George Carter came to live at Milton. His family consisted of Mrs. Carter his second wife, three daughters and his youngest son Charley, a smart little fellow of about fourteen and a splendid rider. The rest of his family, and there were very many of them, were all away, and as it is said, "out in the world." Here then old George

¹ I have not entered into any detail of arrangement as to how the forest, &c., has been hunted by the Tedworth hounds, as this is a matter with which the general public have nothing to do.

Carter "kennelled himself," as he expressed it. And here, too, about six o'clock in the evening during the winter months, after his tea, he used to get into his easy chair on one side of the fire—the hearth swept up, the room put tidy, and the lamp lighted—and on the opposite side of the fire stood another easy chair, empty. Gentle reader, have you ever seen a fire? or do you know what a good fire is? Possibly you think you do. I have certainly seen many in Wiltshire, in the old farm-houses, years ago, when the fire was of wood, great "flocks" burnt on the hearth on dogs, and the chimney corner was a warm and comfortable spot. None of your carpeted best parlours, or whatever you may call them, with a little fiddle-faddle stove or grate, that throws out little heat and plenty of smoke if the wind is anywhere but in *one* quarter, and that never the right one. Well, George Carter did burn his fire in a grate, it is true, but it was generally of wood, and he or his family knew how the fire should be made up, and if it was not *properly* made up—well, the old huntsman perhaps, had not forgotten altogether how to "rate."

We will fancy, then, a cold evening in December, or, at all events, in the winter, room cheery, fire burning bright, old huntsman sitting in his easy chair, Mrs. Carter, "a nice tidy 'ooman," (I always like to

quote my old friend's own words), at needlework at the table, girls doing something about the house, Charley, well, not in mischief, when comes a knock with a stick or whip-handle against the door; with a "Yoi-doit there!" "Come in, sir, here's yerr kennel waiting for ye." And with a cheery greeting from the old man, and a smile of recognition, all round, "the kennel," or the easy chair, on the opposite side of the fire, becomes tenanted, and then we know what will quickly follow. We will suppose it to have been a hunting day, when the writer of these memoirs should have been out with the hounds and the old huntsman, for some reason or other, not having been out. The first *question*, of course after the greeting all round, comes from the old man, "Well, sir, I beg y'r pardon"; now, reader, please to remark this, I am going to stick to George Carter's words or expressions, all through. I have said he was never wanting *in respect* to any one; he was a man of great dignity of manner, but with it he combined that happy knack of *never forgetting* himself, especially when he was, as he said, "talking to a gentleman." He never took a liberty with any one, and no one ever dared to try it on with him. He was truly one of "nature's gentlemen," even if he was, as he said, "only a servant." This was his *own* way of putting it. So now to work.

CHAPTER III.

“WELL, sir, I beg y'r pardon, what have ye done to-day?”

“Oh! a very fair day's sport, old friend. We found a fox just beyond Pomfrey's Gorse, brought him across the bottom towards the middle ride, knocked him about a bit in the further quarter, till at last we brought him out, as I thought, for Clench Common: but he turned away across the open for the top of Oare Hill, and then all along the down for Huish Hill and Copher Wood, and then sunk the hill, for you know where. Who-whoop, and no blood!”

O.H. “Now, sir, I beg y'r pardon; you see that fox kept creeping about till he gets the ground foiled, and then he slipt away with a side wind, sir, as may be so, (and up comes the poker, and with it the O.H. seems to point out the line). Well, sir, when he got to the top o' Oare Hill, he know'd the earth, in the bottom under

Copher Wood, and so that took him *up-wind*; and if that earth had been '*Püt-too*,'¹ as it ought to have been, you'd ha' '*caught him*' before he could ha' got back to the West Woods. Oh dear, dear, I do know all about it, and so I ought, for I've a-hunted all my life, and if I hadn't I shouldn't ha' been here now. Ahem!" (N.B.—This is intended to represent a peculiar clearing of the throat, and one of the old man's peculiarities.)

Now, gentle reader, having established a kind of precedent in the huntsman's parlour, and the easy chairs or kennels, or what not, we will suppose ourselves there on any evening in the winter, and to the best of my ability I will give some of the recollections as they come across me. Let it not be considered a want of good taste if George Carter did not consider the late Mr. Assheton Smith quite such a demi-god as some people might suppose him or wish him to have been. The old Squire of Tedworth had doubtless many good points of character, and kept up a splendid establishment at his own expense for everybody who cared for hunting to enjoy; but George Carter lived with him for over sixteen years, and knew pretty well the ins and outs of his character, but you may draw your own inference from what may follow in these pages.

¹ Pronounced as "*but*."

“ How do you think the hounds will go on, old friend, without the old Squire ? ”

“ Well, sir, I beg y'r pardon, I don't see why they shouldn't do very well, if they've got money enough. He'd plenty o' that, and he *would ride* ; for, you see, he were a wonderful horseman, but his ways and mine didn't always agree. *I* liked to find a fox, have an hour and a-half with him, or more, and then kill him if I could, and, somehow or other I generally could do that ; but you see, sir, Mr. Smith used to say, ‘ What's the good of caddling about after a fox all day ? ’ and if he hunted one for forty minutes and didn't catch him, why then he gave him up, and went and tried for another ; and as soon as he had tired one horse, he had another to get on, and so it didn't signify : but *I* always knew what Mr. Smith's hounds were. Why, then, I remember one day we met at Weyhill, and Mr. Smith came out as ‘ a gentleman,’ and I hunted the hounds. Well, sir, we found a fox at Ramridge, and knocked him about a bit to Appleshaw, and on to Chute Lodge, and 'twere a ‘ mighty muddlin' scent ; ’ and at last the hounds could hardly hunt him at all ; and just before we come to Chute Lodge there were a bit o' plough, and I see a hound called ‘ Nabob,’ feathering up a furrow, and none o' the others could own it ; but I know'd he were right, so I just said quietly, ‘ Heic, Nabob, heic ! ’ ”

“What are ye ‘heicing’ for there?” says Mr. Smith.

“I beg y’r pardon, sir,” I says, “but you see Nabob has got the line; he *can’t* speak to it *on the plough*, but as soon as we get on the grass they will all open. And sure enough, sir, as soon as we got to the park palings, and through, away they went, and we killed our fox after a good hunting run. Oh! he were a good hound, were Nabob, and I remember him well. Well, sir, you’ve heard me tell the story about killing a fox at Ham Spray; I remember the day well, for I hunted the hounds that day, and we met at Collingbourne Wood, and found a fox down by Coldred End, or near the saw-pit; and after knocking him about in the wood, he went away towards Conholt, and just skirted Fosbury, and right on for Combe Wood and Buttermere Gorse. Well, sir, I were in the lower end of the wood, and the hounds were running pretty well, when I heard ‘Tally-ho! tally-ho!’ Well, sir, I know’d ’twere Mr. Smith, so up I come. You knew them yew trees, sir, atop of Buttermere Wood: well, there sat Mr. Smith, on his horse tally-ho-ing; so I rode up and touched my cap, and said, ‘I beg y’r pardon, sir, have you seen the fox?’”

“Seen the fox! *No, George. I only hallooed to know where you had got to.*”

“Oh dear, dear; I were quite ashamed of him. Well,

sir, I never took the hounds off, so I got back pretty quick, and we soon got away and over the hill, and down through the edge of Bull's Copse—you do know Bull's Copse, sir, on the hanging, and there is a big earth in it; and I know'd the earth would be open, for you see 'tis in the Craven country: and on we took him to Ham Spray. Well, sir, here he were beat, and I know'd *if they were let alone* they must kill him; so I says, 'Cowley, Cowley,¹ you come out here.' So Cowley and me just kept about a hundred yards or so outside the wood, between that and Bull's Copse, for I know'd he'd try to get back there and go to ground; when presently I just see his nose poke outside, and I put up my whip, as may be so (here suppose the poker work again) and says, 'No, no, no; you mustn't come here.' And we kept him back, and the hounds soon caught him, and we run that fox two hours and a half, and then we went home; and I'll tell you, sir, who were out that day, and that were Lord Rosslyn."

"Do you remember, old friend, the day you killed your fox somewhere about Stockbridge, from the Weyhill side o' the country?"

"Ay, and indeed I do, and I hunted the hounds that day. We met, you see, sir, at Chute Lodge, and Mr. Henry Fowle, if he were alive, poor man, would

¹ First Whip.

remember it well. Well, sir, we found in the Gorse, and went away towards Chute windmill, and on to Limmers, and from there to Conholt Park, and when we got to Conholt Park we run him right round and out right away for Weyhill, and on for Lord Winchester's place; you do know it, sir, though his lordship don't hunt."

"Amport?" I suggest.

"That's it, sir; oh, dear, dear me, I am getting quite forgetful; well, sir, we run him from there, away for Clatford Oakcuts, and on for Stockbridge, and killed him on Houghton Down, and then we were some way from home."

"Why that must have been as good a run as you had once with the Duke of Grafton, after the mishap with the vixen."

"Ah, dear, dear me, and I remember that well. 'Twere on the 13th o' April, and we found a fox in Jarvis's Gorse, near Newport Pagnell, and we didn't know there were a vixen there, or any cubs laid down. Well, you see, sir, the fox wouldn't go away, so the hounds caught her, and when I went in to take the fox away, oh dear, dear, I see 'twere a vixen that had cubs, and all of a sudden I see the whip, as were with me, dive down amongst some long sedgy grass in the cover, and he picked up two poor little cubs, only a few days

old, and pŭt 'em in his pocket, and there were two more, but the hounds got hold o' them before he could save 'em, and you know the rest, sir. Well, we were very sad, and just at that moment a fox were halloed away at the end of the Gorse, but we didn't hurry much, for I tell you, sir, arter that poor vixen, we didn't care to go after him, but the duke called to me to get the hounds out quick—as he didn't know what had happened—and then I was obliged to go. Well, sir, our fox had a pretty good start, but we soon settled on his line, and he went straight as straight, and arter we had been running him some time a gentleman farmer, who lived on the outside of the duke's country, says to me, 'George, I believe we've got a Creslow fox.' 'Oh no, sir,' says I, 'that's a long way off.' Well, sir, we run that fox straight into the Creslow country, and that's in the Vale o' Aylesbury, and there we run him to earth, in Creslow great ground. Oh! it were a beautiful run, 'twere about two hours and twenty minutes; but there, 'twere *eighteen* miles from where he came from, in Jarvis's Gorse, I remember it well."

"And how about the little cubs, old man?"

"Why, sir, I'll tell ye; the whip give 'em to a keeper of the duke's, and a very good sort o' man he was, and he took 'em home, and give 'em to his

wife, a very tidy 'ooman, and she had a cat with kittens, and she took away the kittens and pŭt the cubs to the cat, and she brought 'em up, and they used to play about the house quite tame, till after a time they got away."

CHAPTER IV.

“WHAT did you think of Wherwell Wood, old friend, as a place for hunting, for you must have known it pretty well?”

“Well, sir, Wherwell Wood were a very nice place to make young hounds, at all times when it had fair play and been let alone, it was a fine place for hunting, and would always hold a fox, and after Christmas when foxes began to travel and move about, we always had a plenty as came from other places, and some very good runs I’ve had from there, for, as you know, sir, I was always there, every Wednesday. Well, you see, sir, as soon as I got into the wood and began to cheer ‘em a bit, if there were an old travelling fox near, as soon as he heard my voice or the horn he would think ‘Well, here’s old Carter come out arter me and I must be off or he’ll catch me,’ and away he’d go at once, and as soon as the hounds got settled to him, away they

went, with old Carter after him, and very often he did manage to catch him too. Oh! a nice place were Wherwell Wood, when it had fair play; but that was not always. Why, sir, I call to mind a man to whom Mr. Smith give ten pounds a year to *look after* the foxes, and he did look after 'em in his *own* way, for, burn the rogue! he killed every one he could catch hold on. Why, sir, I remember, sir, one season, the last day o' hunting, we were just a-going home, and that man come up to me and says, 'Well, Carter, I suppose we sha'n't see you here any more this season, so if you like to come down to the "Lilly Roarer" (White Lion), I'll stand you a glass.' Well, sir, I looked him straight in the face and said, 'Have ye got such a thing then as a shilling about ye? for if ye have you just go down to the collymaker's, and buy a *cord* and hang yourself, for I'll be blessed if I'll drink with ye.' I beg your pardon, sir, but *he*, a man, to take ten pounds of Mr. Smith's money and then kill foxes. But I remember once, sir, a curious thing about Wherwell Wood. You know, sir, I hunted Wherwell Wood every Wednesday and Mr. Smith stayed at home, or went out a-visiting, or some such thing, but sometimes he would come out, *as a gentleman*, he used to say. Oh dear, oh dear. Well, sir, I beg your pardon, one day we were at Wherwell Wood and Mr.

Smith were out, and we very soon found a fox, and the hounds hunted him round and round once or twice, till at last he seemed to think, 'Well, I must be off or old Carter will catch me,' and out he come over the road and into the next field, where, behold, there were a sheepfold, and a shepherd and his dog, for 'twere lambing time you see, sir; well, the fox see the shepherd if the shepherd didn't see the fox, and back he turns again and into the wood; well, sir, Mr. Smith sees that the fox were headed, but he know'd the shepherd were only a-doing his duty and minding his master's property, so he didn't say anything to him; and we knocked the fox about a bit in the wood again, when out he comes a little lower down, and as we come out the hounds couldn't carry it over the road, but one or two feathered a bit, and got back into the wood; and *in* the road were an old lady in a red cloak coming along with a bundle. Well, Mr. Smith rode up to her, and says, 'Have you seen the fox, my good woman?' 'Yes, sir,' says she, 'he comed out just there,' pointing to the place, 'and then turned back again in there where the dogs be.' Well, sir, Mr. Smith looks at the old woman, and says, 'I don't wish you any harm, madam, and you looks pretty well, only I wishes you had been at home, and *abed*,' and off he goes. Oh! I did laugh. Well, sir, we gave that fox

another turn round the wood and he come away again, and the third time there were no shepherd, and no ould 'ooman in the way, and we ran him nearly to Doles, and there we catched him; oh! 'twere a beautiful run, and I remember it well. How far, sir, should I call it to Wherwell Wood from Tedworth? Well, you can just see it, on a clear day, from Ashton Copse, but you must go by Clatford and over the water, and then the wood is more than two miles through, but I've heard the faggoters say when they've been at work at Ashton Copse, and sat down quiet at their dinner hour, if the wind were in the right quarter, they could hear old Carter's voice in Wherwell Wood, and sometimes the horn, and 'tis a matter o' many miles as the crow flies; but there, I shall never hallo a fox in Wherwell Wood again; but, sir, I am very thankful that I am as well as I am, and able to get about. O yes, I am very thankful."

CHAPTER V.

“YOU must have come across a good many characters in your time?”

“Ah, I believe I have, sir—some good and some very bad ones, but I never found a man that was fond o’ fox-hunting but had *some* good about him. Why, there were Mr. Grantley Berkeley, he were a very odd man, and he hunted his own hounds most days when he kept the Oakley, and I were with him as kennel-huntsman. But though he hunted the hounds himself, I were generally out with him. Well, sir, a gentleman may do all very well for a time, but ’twill beat him in the end. ’Tis a servant’s work to hunt hounds, as he has to be here, there, and everywhere, while others be standing still or sitting about. Well, sir, Mr. Berkeley were a very good sort o’ man, but he were a great dandy, and I don’t like a *dandy*, he be afear’d o’ dirtying his boots, or spoiling

his coat. Why, sir, I remember one day the hounds were in Odel Wood—oh, and a fine large cover it were!—and as I were coming up a ride, as the hounds were running, I see Mr. Berkeley off his horse, and were stooping down. Well, sir, 'twere towards the end o' the season in April, and I thought Mr. Berkeley had met with some accident, or had 'tumbled off,' so I rode up and said, 'I beg your pardon, sir, I hope there be nothing wrong;' and he looked up and said, 'Oh, look here, George, at these beautiful violets; I couldn't help just picking a few *to put in my button-hole.*' Oh dear, dear, dear! and he a-hunting the hounds, and they a-running, and to stop to pick violets! I was quite ashamed of him. Well, sir, I know'd a good many clergymen, as hunted regularly, and very good sportsmen some of them were. Why, sir, there were a Mr. Graves, who were a clergyman, and he kept harriers, that I lived with; but he weren't much of a horseman. Then there were Mr. Dickins, as you know'd, who afterwards lived in Kent. He had a place called Wollaston Hall, in Northamptonshire, but he never lived there, poor man! and I fear lived too fast elsewhere; but I know'd him, and he comed to stay with Mr. Knatchbull at Cholderton Lodge, and hunted with Mr. Smith, and a very good sportsman he were. Well, sir, I remember once—it were just after Christ-

mas, and we had a hard frost, and couldn't hunt much—Mr. Smith says to me, 'Carter, there is Mr. Dickins a-staying with Mr. Knatchbull, and wants to see my hounds, so you bring *all* the hounds you can to Sidbury Hill o' Monday.' Well, sir, I know'd Mr. Smith were a very odd man, but on the Monday morning we met at Sidbury Hill. The frost was too hard to ride much, but I took *fifty-nine* couple out, and how Mr. Dickins did laugh! There were plenty o' foxes then, you know, sir, at Sidbury Hill, for there were plenty o' *lieing*, and they were very soon hunting all over the place, there were no keeping 'em together. Oh, dear me, what a sight it were! I shall never forget it. And how Mr. Dickins did laugh! Oh, he were very nice company—but there, you knows all about him, sir, for you were with him in Kent. Then there were Mr. Loraine Smith, he were a clergyman, and a very odd one too; and then there were the Bishop of Worcester, who I know'd, and he kept hounds, and Sam Jones were his huntsman, and I went to school with his son. And oh, a many more, and some, sir, that *you* knows. Ha! ha! *you* stick to fox-hunting, sir; I've said so times and times; there's nothing like it. Oh, if I hadn't hunted all my life, I should never ha' been here now. Then, sir, there were Colonel Lascelles, as you remembers, a mighty big man with

a black patch over one eye, as used to live at the 'White Hart' at Andover all the winter, and hunted every day with the Tedworth; and it were wonderful the long distances he would come to meet the hounds, and I've know'd his being at New Mill—and that must have been twenty mile—and he always rode to cover and back again after hunting; and then, poor man! he never could ride up to hounds much if they went away, for he were said to be over twenty stone; but he was very fond of hunting, but he never attended to his condition and put on a deal of flesh. Oh dear, dear; but he were a very good man, and everybody liked him. And then there were General Shubrick who used to live at the 'Star,' and he were a mighty little man, and he kept *fourteen* hunters, and as many grooms; and all he thought about was to see his horses prance about along the roads, and he used to have 'em all out in a string when he didn't hunt, and make the grooms ride 'em about for his amusement; and besides that, he used to have their pictures taken, and give 'em away to all his friends. And then there were a Mr. Kerrish, a clergyman, somewhere down in Somersetshire or Dorsetshire, and he used to come to Whittlebury Forest, when I was with the Duke of Grafton, for a week or so, and he always had three good hunters, and he hunted four

days a week, and shot t'other two; but then he had no family, and plenty of money, and was a very good clergyman too, I believe. And then there were Mr. Knatchbull, of Cholderton Lodge, and Mr. Henry Fowle, of Chute Lodge; but there, you know'd both o' them, and good sportsmen they were, and very fond o' hunting; but I know'd Mr. Knatchbull before you, when he were a young man, and curate of Fritwell, in Oxfordshire, and he used sometimes to hunt with us then. And then there were Mr. William Etwall, but Mr. Smith didn't like him, nor he Mr. Smith. 'Twern't everybody that Mr. Smith *did* like, and I heerd tell, for I weren't out, something about a hound being knocked over in a ride, or something o' that, but, of course, it might be an accident; and then there were something else: but there, never mind, Mr. Etwall were always a very good sort o' man I believe, and I never know'd anything against him. And then there were Mr. Pierrepont, of Conholt Park, and a nice tidy, quiet man he were, and very intimate with Mr. Smith, though they weren't alike; but Mr. Pierrepont were very fond o' hunting, and were a very neat man in his dress, though *no dandy*. And then there were another, who were very often staying with him, and that were Lord Charles Wellesley, who married his daughter, and who went blind, poor man! but I can

tell you something of him. Whenever the hounds were at Conholt Park about Christmas time, and I were there, his lordship told his man to take him up to ould Carter, and he used to ask me how the hounds were getting on, and what sport we had had, and he always shook hands with me before leaving, and I know'd he would leave *three sovereigns* there. And there were many more that I know'd ; but there, they are all gone, and so will poor ould Carter before long."

"But you have forgotten *one* other character at least, and that is the late Squire at Tedworth."

"Oh dear, dear me, and he were an odd man, a very odd man were Mr. Smith ; why, he were unlike any one else, and didn't care what he did or what he said. Why there, he used in frosty weather, when he couldn't go a-hunting, to have down three or four horses to the ride, and he'd make me, or Lees, or some one else, stay there, and he'd gallop round and round, as hard as ever he could and just in the same track, and I don't believe he would have pulled up if any one had been in his way. 'Twere just the same going home from hunting, hard as ever he could gallop, when he didn't have his carriage you know, sir. Why I've been going along quiet with the hounds towards Sidbury Hill, coming back from Everley that way, and I've seen Mr. Smith coming along galloping and waving his hand, and I've said to

Cowley, 'We must get out o' the way, or Mr. Smith will be right over us;' and he never turned either way, but by he went, and never took any notice of us or hound, or anything else. Of course you know, sir, I put my hand up to my cap as he passed, and so did Cowley. Oh, he were a very odd man! Why, sir, I've know'd him of a Sunday wait at the church door after the service, and I'd try not to see him, for I know'd what would happen; and there he'd stand till I come up, and then I'd hear, 'George,' 'Carter' (for I didn't seem to hear him, you know, sir, the first time); and I'd come up and say, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but did you wish to speak to me?' And then he'd begin asking what hounds I was a going to take out the next day, and all about the hunting, sir, and there were the people, you know, all stopt back, as couldn't get out of church; and I'd say, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but hadn't I better come down to the House, sir, and see you, sir, and then you can tell me what you like; for these good people, you see, sir, want to get out of church, sir.' And then he'd say, 'Oh! do they? Well, I suppose they do; well, you come down.' And then on he'd go, but he never thought anything of it, and that too of a Sunday and coming out o' church. Oh! I was quite ashamed of him.

Well, sir, you know'd Osmond the butcher, of

Vernham, and a very good man were Mr. Osmond, and always walked a puppy; and you know'd his blind pony he used to ride a-hunting—well, we'll have something to say about him presently; but I remember one morning his coming up to Tedworth, and he comed to my house, and I was a-talking to him in the yard, when Mr. Smith come down to the kennel to see some young hounds as were come in; and while I was a showing him the hounds, one of 'em sees Mr. Osmond—who kept back you know, sir, for he were a tidy, well-behaved man, as didn't push himself forward—and the hound went up to him and jumped on him, and Mr. Osmond says, 'Lexicon, Lexicon'; and Mr. Smith turned round sharp, 'What do *you* know about Lexicon?' 'I beg your pardon, sir,' says Mr. Osmond, 'but I walked him.' Well, Mr. Smith spoke to him very sharp; and then I came forward and says, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but Mr. Osmond *did* walk that hound, and he's walked a great many hounds, sir, and very well he does 'em; and you see, sir, the hound do know him'; and he turned round to me and says, 'Oh! did he? Well! Hum!'—and off he went, and never said any more. Oh, I were quite ashamed of him, and Mr. Osmond a respectable man—but there, 'twere his way. Well, sir, talking about Mr. Osmond, oh, he were a very good man, and very fond o' hunting, as you

know, and generally had a blind horse, but he knew the horse and the horse knew him, and he got him along somehow ; well, sir, his wife, who were a very tidy woman, thought he had other things to do besides going a fox hunting ; and I've know'd when the hounds met at Chute Lodge, Osmond would ride up in his blue smock, and his basket o' meat on his arm, and presently you would see him come round from the kitchen door without his basket and in a tidy coat, and he'd leave the smock with the basket and come a-hunting ; and arter 'twere over, he'd go back and pick up the basket, and püt on the blue smock again, and ride home ; *but he didn't tell his wife* what he'd been arter, and she, poor 'ooman, knew no better, and thought he'd been only round with the meat-basket. But there were another clergyman, sir, that I forgot, that you knows, Mr. Tom Lascelles Iremonger, who lives at Clatford ; well you know, sir, he can't see nor hear, as he's deaf and pretty blind, but very fond of a bit of hunting. Well, sir, I remember one day when hounds were running at Abbotts Ann, he comes right up against me, and almost knocked me out o' the saddle, and he never know'd it till afterwards, till some one says to him, 'I say, Mr. Iremonger, do you know you almost knocked Carter over just now ?' 'No, I didn't,' says he, 'for I haven't seen him.' 'That's very likely,' says

the gentleman, for he know'd Mr. Iremonger were nearly blind, 'but you *did*, nevertheless.' Well, sir, as soon as he heard of it, he comes up to me when he got the opportunity, and says how sorry he was, and hoped he hadn't hurt me, and so it all ended very well; but I did laugh afterwards. There, poor man, he couldn't see, you know, sir, and he didn't mean no harm, and he was very fond o' a bit of hunting, and a very nice gentleman too."

CHAPTER VI.

“YOU were asking, old friend, about my puppy. I hope she will do. The puppy grows and is getting full of mischief; but somebody says she hopes I shall not complain of the dressmaker’s bill, as there are many rents in the youngsters’ frocks; and as to sponges, brushes, and stable-leathers, I won’t say where they go to; but still she is a nice puppy, and if she is only put forward, and I should see her recovering a line, or making out a cold scent by and by, why, all the rest will be forgotten. And then they are such sensible animals, and never forget you.”

“Well, sir, I do always like to see a hound puppy or two about, it shows there is a *gentleman* in the place, and that’s something. Why, sir, I remember a Mr. Stone, as were a clergyman, and he lived at Blisworth, and a very good kind o’ man he were, and he always walked a puppy; and there were several farmers, as

were tenants o' the Duke of Grafton about there, for the Duke owned a deal o' property in that country; and Mr. Stone had some daughters, and besides the hound puppy they had a retriever dog or two; and they used to go round, and collect all the puppies from the different houses, and walk 'em all out together. Oh! 'twere quite a sight, and I've seen them young ladies come along with three or four couple, times and times, and they so pleased; and the hounds knowed them well, and you may depend upon it they knowed the hounds. And as to *sensible*, as you say. Why, sir, did I ever tell you about some draft-hounds I sent to Lord Sondes, at Lees Court, near Faversham, in Kent? Well, sir, 'twas when I was living with the Duke of Grafton, and Lord Sondes hunted a pack of hounds in East Kent, and he sent to me at Whittlebury Forest, where our kennels were, to know if I could let him have some draft-hounds, and if so, I were to send them to Rockingham Castle in Northamptonshire, which belonged to his lordship, and they were to be sent on from there to him in Kent. Well, sir, I sent eight or nine couple, I forget exactly which; but there, 'tis a many years ago; and they were sent up to London and on into Kent by road, for, you see, sir, there were no railroads then. Well, the hounds got down all right, and after some time I got a letter from Lord

Sondes to say he liked the hounds, but one of them, 'Anthony,' was missing and could not be found, and that if he had got back into Northamptonshire, he were worth all the lot put together. Well, sir, I supposed Anthony had strayed in a strange place, and never thought to see him again, till one night just before we were going to bed I heard a hound baying outside by the kennel, and on going to the door I heard him plain and I thought I knowed the note, and so I sung out 'Anthony, Anthony.' Well, sir, in a moment, as sure as I sit here to talk to you, I found a hound's nose against my hand, for 'twas too dark to see, and I let him in, and sure enough there was Anthony, very poor, but I knowed him; and after a time I got him round by little and little, and I sent him back again to Lord Sondes, at Lees Court in Kent, and I never know'd but what he did very well."

"Why, old friend, I know Lees Court well; but that hound must have found his way through London, unless he swam the Thames, and that's not at all likely."

"Well, sir, they are sensible animals. How the hound got back I never knew, but he *did* get back to Whittlebury, and I sent him to Lord Sondes again."

"Well, sir, I think I told you about a bitch we

had called 'Julia.' You see we used to send eight or ten couples o' bitches, in Mr. Smith's time, into Wales every season, to whelp; and arter the railroad were opened, we used to send them to Swindon in the van, and then on by railroad. Well, sir, I remember being out in the park exercising the hounds, at Tedworth, about two days arter we had sent off a lot o' bitches into Wales, and I see a stray hound come across and go into a small plantation, and I could tell at once she were heavy in whelp; and I says to Cowley, who were with me, 'Cowley, what hound is that? she's no business here;' and as I came towards the plantation I see the hounds begin to show something had crossed before 'em, as they put their noses down, and I says to Cowley again, 'Why, I believe that were Julia as we sent away,' and I called out 'Julia, Julia.' And, sure enough, out she come, and 'twere Julia. Well, sir, I never heard anything about it till the man as were sent with the bitches come back, and then I says to him, 'Well, did you get 'em all right into Wales?' and he says, 'All but Julia, and somehow she slipt away in changing at Swindon, and we couldn't catch her, and we couldn't make out what became of her.' Well, sir, you see that bitch found her way back to Tedworth—'tis about five and twenty mile. She were very poor when she come in, but I soon got her right again, and

we kept her at home, and some very nice whelps she had : but there you see, sir, they are sensible animals. Well, sir, you say your hound is a bit of a thief : I hope he may do for you what one did for me once, when I was with Mr. Grantley Berkeley. I remember a hound we walked at home called Hudibras, and a very fine hound he were, and Mr. Berkeley kept him several seasons. Well, sir, my little girl, as she was then, my daughter, I mean, as is married now, and lives at —, you know her well, for she comes up to stay with me sometimes, and is mightily come of it now, for she ain't very small ; well, she comes running in, and says, ' Father, there is Hudibras making a great hole in the onion bed ; ' well, sir, I thought the hound were burying a bone, as they will do, so out I went, and there I seed him working away and covering the place up with his nose : so I sung out, ' Hudibras, what are ye about there ? ' and as I came towards him, I saw something sticking out of the ground, as I thought was a bit o' bacon ; so I went up and raked away the mould, and there were a large bit o' beautiful bacon just as it might have been cut off, and I took it in and showed it to my wife, and she knowed nothing about it. Well, sir, I didn't say anything, but I püt it into the scales, and it weighed twelve pounds, and I kept it for a time, and I never heard as any one had lost any, and

so I had it cut up into rashers, and used to have some for my breakfast of a morning—and very good they were. Why, sir, if ever you are unlucky enough to get a hound as has distemper, and if you see him when he is getting a little better bury a bone, you may be sure it is a good sign: he can't eat it *then*, but he knows where to find it when he *can*. Why, sir, I remember Mr. Smith coming down to the kennels one day, and there was a young hound that were very bad, and he said, 'Carter, put that hound out o' the way; he can't live.' Now, sir, just at that moment I see that hound nosing amongst some stones and rubbish that was thrown together in a corner of the yard, and come away with a bit of bone and go and bury it. 'What's that he's got?' says Mr. Smith, 'take it away from him, that won't do him any good.' 'I beg your pardon, sir,' says I, '*that* tells me that hound will recover, and I sha'n't put him away just yet.' Well, sir, the hound *did* recover, and we had him in the pack several seasons. Depend upon it, sir, they can always tell *you* better than you can teach them. Well, sir, I remember when I were with the Duke of Grafton, they thought you couldn't cure a hound of the yellows; now, I won't say you can *always* cure him, but I know it is to be done. We had a hound called Midas, and he were by Mr. Osbaldeston's 'Monarch;' well, sir, that hound

seemed as bad as bad with the yellows, and Tom, the feeder, said he would die. 'Not this time, Thomas,' says I, 'if I can help it.' Well, sir, I gave the dog some medicine that I had, and after a time I see him just move his stern when I came in to where he was, and called him, 'Midas, Midas.' Well, sir, I thought that good, and then I got him to lap a little milk and broth, and after a time he began to get better, and I got him round; and I remember Mr. Tom Smith ('Gentleman' Tom Smith he were called) who hunted the Pychley for two years after Lord Chesterfield, and who afterwards had the Craven, being out with us near Brackley, and he greatly admired the hound. There, sir, they are sensible animals, and if ever you see a hound begin to look up, or move his stern as if he were pleased to see you, arter distemper, or yellows, or anything of the sort, you may depend on it, with care, he'll come round. Oh, I've seen it times and times."

CHAPTER VII.

IT may very naturally be asked, whether, after his retirement from active life and his residence at Milton, as George Carter still enjoyed an occasional day's hunting, and was very well able to ride, though not perhaps as hard as he was wont, there is nothing to record about him? Now, as the writer of these memoirs, or recollections, or whatever they may be named, pretty generally accompanied the old huntsman on all these little expeditions, and never felt so proud as when he came to the meet with his old friend, the only subject of regret with him is, that while he can recall many traits of character and many incidents in hunting worthy of note, there are still many more which have passed from his recollection, or only remembered in such a hazy kind of manner as would involve much "making up" in the recital; and as the main object of these memoirs is to adhere strictly to

the plain unvarnished truth in all that relates to his old friend, and to give *his own* accounts of his former life pretty much in his own words, it would be but mere book-making were he to dress up a lot of exciting stories with George Carter as the principal character ; beside which, it would be one of the first things which the honest old man would not only have condemned, but held in the most supreme contempt. Still, there are many incidents which are as fresh in the writer's memory as at the time of their occurrence, and as notes respecting them were jotted down at the time they are easily referred to, and the facts to which they relate may be strictly relied on. I remember well the first time George Carter assumed once more the red coat and cap, and it was on this wise. He had begun to come out pretty regularly with the Tedworth on a Tuesday, as on that day they hunt on the Oare Hill side of the country, that is, somewhere about Pewsey Vale. The whole of this is within easy reach of Milton, and was generally the day selected by George Carter to meet his old friends with the old pack : but still for a long time I could not prevail on him to appear in his regular hunting dress. It was always "No, sir ; no, sir : I can ride just as well as I am." Whether it was a kind of natural modesty—which was one of his great characteristics—or from any other cause, I never

presumed to inquire, but his dress was invariably a black frock coat, properly cut of course, and a high hat. Well, on a certain Monday morning the Craven were advertised for Stype, and as the weather was pretty good, and the old man in tolerable fettle, I had proposed to him some little time before that the first time the Craven met at Stype we should go there together. Everything was arranged during my sittings with him in the previous week, and I had privately instructed Mrs. Carter to bring down his red coat "*to air, for fear the moth should get into it.*" Now, as my old friend was a little imperious in his own household, I fear "the tidy kind of a 'ooman" did not get much credit for her thoughtfulness; but still the coat was allowed to remain in the sitting-room, and gradually it was hung over the back of the old man's chair. The Saturday evening previous to the Craven meet at Stype was to be the climax, and as good luck would have it, it was an evening of thorough good humour; not as regarded the old man's manners towards myself—for that was invariably the same—but to the family circle; and as David Edwards, the huntsman to the Craven, had formerly been at Tedworth as whip, it was an additional inducement to hold out to the old man for appearing before his former pupil, "*as a huntsman should do.*" Night and morning stories do not always

agree, and there was a Sunday, too, to come between; and if I remember right, we had the old 104th Psalm, "My soul, praise the Lord," &c., for we were old-fashioned people at Milton, and stuck to the Psalms of David and a good but very plain service. Now, I only saw old George "in church" on Sundays, as he was a very proper-thinking man; and on these evenings I never went in to chat with him, as we *might* have got on hunting, and it was just as well not. Now, of all the tunes in the psalm- or hymn-books, the old 104th was George Carter's delight, and no sooner did it begin than the old man's head began to go, and his rich full voice could be heard, as he threw his tongue and chanted away; as he expressed himself, "Oh, it were beautiful!" Now, I won't say it was the effect of the old 104th, but I candidly confess I felt almost inclined to commence the words of that self-same hymn on the Monday morning. As I pulled up at the old huntsman's door, to ride on with him to Stype, I could discern something like a figure in a red coat and cap through the window; and in a few minutes all doubt was dispelled by seeing him issue forth from the stable-yard in the saddle and in proper hunting costume. Our way was by Burbage Wharf, Savernake Station, and then across the grass towards the reservoir, just above Savernake House, and so across the park for

Bedwin. As we came down towards the pleasure grounds in front of the house, my old friend, as I knew, was bearing a little too much to the left, and not for the gate that I always went through in crossing that part of the forest, and I hinted as much to him; but as he seemed to know the way very well, I let him alone, till, on passing through another gate which he opened, I found we were, as I expected, crossing the grounds. Well, I was aware that nobody was down just then at the house, but I remarked to Carter, "I say, old friend, we are right in the middle of the Marquis's grounds."

"Well, sir," rejoined he, looking very stern, "and what if we be? Won't he see my red coat and cap, and know we's a-going a-hunting; and would any gentleman or any nobleman think to stop anybody as was a-going a-hunting? Oh, dear, dear me, *no*, we may go where we like, provided we don't do any damage. Ahem!" (the usual conclusion of satisfaction to a *clincher*, like the cluck of a fowl that has laid an egg).

Now any one who has ever met hounds at Stype will know it is not the soundest-going in the world; while it is a fine wild country for foxes and hunting, it is not an easy one to ride, as it is frightfully

boggy. On the day in question we got a fox away towards Bedwin Brails and across Burr ridge Heath—a place fit for nothing but wild hunting or shooting, and the latter principally snipe. A former steward to the Marquis of Ailesbury (we give no names) thought probably to enrich the noble owner by trying to reclaim the land on Burr ridge Heath, and convert it into arable and pasture. Poor man! I wished, that day, he had attempted to farm the shores of the Dead Sea. But it had this effect, it converted Burr ridge Heath into a regular trap for horses, as it was a network of under-drains, and those, too, pretty deep. 'Tis not pleasant galloping across these with hounds running, even where they are distinctly visible in pasture; but when the plough has nearly effaced them, it is—we don't approve of strong language, so we will say—*not heavenly*. The Craven, then, were running across Burr ridge Heath towards the Brails, and having cleared all the drains over the grass without accident, the writer of these memoirs (for once) was really enjoying a sticky plough, where *he thought* the ground was nothing more than holding, when in a moment his horse was on his head, and he himself on the broad of his back in something like a cross between soft soap and railway grease. Confound the drains! They had been carried across

the plough as well; but 'twas soft falling, and horse and man were soon up again, and not even a shoe pulled off.

“Plenty of dirt,
No hurt;”

so 'twas only to get to hounds as soon as possible. As the “Knight of the Fall” came up, he saw old George Carter sitting on his horse close to one of the whips, who was watching a ride; and the whip, on seeing what had happened, exclaimed, with a kind of grin, “Well, old fellow, you’ve been and got it, hain’t ee?” I shall never forget poor old Carter’s face as he looked round and comprehended the whole in a moment. “Oh, dear, dear me, sir, I hope you ain’t hurt!” and, turning to the grinning whip, he opened upon him: “What do you mean?—*you*, a *servant*, to speak to a *gentleman* in that way? Why, you’ve had no eddication, and don’t know a *B* from the *gable end of a barn*!” and then, turning to me again, with a kind of look of sorrow, he continued, “Oh, sir, I’m *quite* ashamed of him!”

CHAPTER VIII.

I THINK I have stated in a former part of these recollections, that George Carter, with all his professional knowledge, was a very modest man as to his own merits ; and while he never forgot himself towards any of those with whom he came in contact, never allowed any one to take a liberty with himself without at once letting him know he had been guilty of a breach of good manners, though it was generally done in a very quiet way. Of all the characters he disliked, or rather despised, there was nothing so uncongenial with his own tastes as what he called "a popinjay kind o' chap," and on more than one occasion I was witness to the old man's quiet set-down to one of these gentry.

The Tedworth were one morning at Burbage Wharf, and the place of meeting was in a field, just off the Marlborough and Salisbury road.* On our turning into

this said meadow, I observed that a part of it had been railed off and divided into various pens, as there had been some show, or something of that kind, during the previous week, for sheep; at all events these divisions still remained. They were light post and rails, not above two feet high, and some few yards apart. As the congregation of the faithful began to assemble, and one after another—lord, squire, or yeoman, or what not—put in an appearance, the greetings with the old man became pretty general. Now one generally knows the old faces at a meet with hounds pretty well, and for the same reason a stranger is soon spotted, particularly if he is well got up and “appointed,” either as regards his horse or himself. As one after another came up, and, after the usual recognition, turned away again to inspect the hounds, or to go through the same thing with friends elsewhere, I observed a stranger, very young, very well mounted, and most elaborately got up in every way as to his own attire—in fact he looked like “business,” and *ought* to have gone in any country. But there was something about him that I didn’t exactly like, and I own “popinjay chap” crossed my mind. I couldn’t make out that he had come with anybody, and he seemed to be altogether a stranger, but perfectly *at home* with himself. As he moved about and just kept

going, I saw him, as he came towards the rails I have mentioned, touch his horse with the spur, and in a moment he was over them, one after another, the horse doing it pretty much in his stride, and as he came past George Carter and myself, having finished this circus performance, he pulled up suddenly and out came—

“Good morning, Carter; glad to see you out again, old man.”

My poor old friend's face was a caution; the stern look was on in a moment as he returned—

“Good morning, *sir*.”

“Nice fencer, ain't he?” continued Mr. Popinjay, as he patted his horse on the neck.

“Hope you won't want it *by and by*, sir. Ahem!”

Of course I never said a word, and as this *very* young man moved away, old George turned his head to me and said,

“I beg your pardon, sir, *who is that young gentleman?*”

“Why,” said I, “I thought, from the way he spoke to you, he must have been an old friend of yours.”

“Never seed him afore in my life, sir.”

“And,” I *could* have added, “never wish to see him again.” I did hear afterwards who he was, but we did not see much more of him with the Tedworth.

I think it was the following season we had another young gentleman, who thought a mufti kind of dress would do with "those hounds," and though after a time he honoured the Tedworth with the real scarlet, it was in a kind of "cut-me-down" sort of way that he came out at all. Now I have always maintained that, however well a man may be mounted, or however well he may go in general, it is only a point of discretion in a strange country to ride to some leader, and not think it necessary to take a line of your own till you know something about what may be before you. Puthall Gate is a good meet, and somehow or other, if one can get away from Henswood, it is generally a good fox. Puthall Gate, or the cover about it, did not belie itself on the morning in question, when old George Carter and myself met the Tedworth there. We got away at length for the forest, by Savernake Ruins, and eventually to Durley, close to Caleb Symonds's house, where the hounds threw up; we tried all round but could not make anything of it, when a single hound marked the mouth of a drain close to the turnpike road. There was our fox, sure enough, and as we had had a pretty good run with him, it seemed only right to bolt him, and let the pack do the rest. The drain was opened, a "terrier dawg," if I remember right, put in, and out came the

fox, and, as it happened, almost through the hounds, which had been drawn a little off. How wonderful it is, the way a fox can thread through hounds, and how many hairbreadth escapes must he have for his life ! But so it was on this occasion ; he did escape, and being close to the park palings, he managed to slip through a place where no hound could follow him. I fear Jack Fricker did not bless him ; but the only thing to be done was to get one or two pales down. One or two hounds scrambled or were helped over—but what a job it is to get hounds through a small gap, when they are all striving together and getting in one another's way ! Well, there is allowance to be made for a huntsman if he does speak a little French, or some other foreign language, on such an occasion. But what has all this got to do with the young gentleman who *honoured* the Tedworth with his red coat ? I remember his being there when the fox was in the drain, and when he was bolted ; he had gone very well with the hounds across the forest from Puthall or Henswood, and there had not been much to stop him, but his time had not yet come.

Now all those who are acquainted with Durley will remember that at the back of Caleb Symonds's house are some small paddocks, with high deer fencing all round, just outside the forest and towards

the top of Durley Hill. It was across one of these paddocks that our fox had gone, and the hounds after him, as soon as they could get through. The field had only one option, and that was to go round to the forest gate in the road, and then up the said road to the top of the hill, and turn sharp to the right to get to the hounds. There is, of course, a gate into these paddocks from the forest, close to Symonds's house, and our friend the young gentleman, seeing the gate open, turned in, and began galloping across after the hounds. I hallooed out to him, knowing him to be a stranger, "You can't get out there, sir," and old George Carter heard it. As we came along on the top of the hill, and outside the paddock paling, there was our friend riding about to find a place where he could get through, as *over* was impossible; and at last he had to retrace his steps and go out by the same gate he went in at, and then follow us round, and we were not long in actually picking up our fox, already dead beat. Whether he was dead before the grand young gentleman came up or not I won't say, but I do remember his trying to hide his mortification, in not the choicest language, as to "his luck," or some such thing, and poor old George in his quiet way tried to explain to him—

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you see you did

not know the country, and if you'd ha' only come back when Mr. —— called to ye, you'd ha' been all right."

And then turning round to me as our friend rode away—"These young men will be young men, sir."

CHAPTER IX.

YOU ask if the old man was always so courteous in his reproofs? Well, I have known him speak out on more occasions than one, but then he was only mortal. I remember on one occasion, in the West Woods, one of those "abominations," as I call them, being out, viz. a nondescript kind of man, with a young cast-off weed, not good enough to train for regular racing, but which might *possibly* do something for a hunter's stake, with no more qualification for a hunter about him than a tom cat. Well, I believe these useless animals are sent out "with hounds," that is, *they appear occasionally*, when hounds are out, to *qualify* (?), and after getting in everybody's way, and frequently showing temper in a crowd, *go home again* as soon as hounds begin to run, and are rarely seen after they have killed their fox. I was coming down a narrow lane with the old man, when the aforesaid groom tried

to pass by us, and as he did so his horse lashed out and just missed the old man's leg. If ever I saw wrath in any man's face in my life it was then, as he shouted out—

“Take him away! take your vicious brute away, I tell ye! go out into the middle of a field where there's nobody else, but never come out a-hunting again! Oh, dear, dear, dear, he might ha' broke my leg.”

The latter was to myself. It was on another occasion when, having had a long morning in the same West Woods, we came away to try Clench Common, and as we came in on the lower side of the Gorse we met a very well known character, who lived somewhere about there, and who, I fear, bore not the best possible name as regarded game or foxes; at all events he was no favourite with our old huntsman, and I don't think he disguised his feelings, nor could have said a good word for him if he had tried. Well, there he stood, close by the Gorse, and as we passed he made the remark, “There was a brace o' foxes *lying* about here yesterday.” Well, it *might* have been made to either of us or to any one else, but poor old George turned round to me and said, quite loud enough to be heard, “I wish, sir, 'twere the only thing *a-lying* about here.”

One more of these and I have done; but we must

remember, as George Carter was a very upright man himself, he could not stand anything that he thoroughly disapproved of in any one else. There lived in the Tedworth country—the exact *locus in quo* is immaterial to this memoir—a rather peculiar sort of being that one meets with about *once* in a lifetime, and that once too often—a man who ought to have been a shining light in society, but who had thoroughly thrown himself away. He had a great taste for field sports, and knew a good deal about hunting, as well as other matters, but from some reasons, best known to himself, kept pretty much aloof from his fellow creatures. Still, a man must occasionally have some one to speak to, and the gentleman in question, after a time, tried to become acquainted with the retired huntsman; but the old man quickly found they were not cast in the same mould, and he did not encourage any intimacy. I knew all about it, as he opened his mind to me pretty freely on this as well as other matters; and one evening, on my paying my usual visit to the old huntsman's parlour, I found my “kennel” already occupied, and the new guest sitting there, but I saw the old man was not altogether happy in his mind. I made my visit short on some pretence or other, and on meeting my old friend the next day he instantly alluded to it, and said the

fellow came down to him, and before he went away, begged him to come up to his house sometimes, and pass an hour with him of an evening.

"Well," I said, "Carter, go. It may do him good, and can't do you any harm."

"No, no, no," rejoined the old man, "not I; what I said, sir, were this, 'I don't *drink*, I don't *smoke*, and I don't *tell no lies*—so *I'm no use to you*.'"

I looked the old man in the face, and, trying not to laugh, said, "Oh, I'm quite ashamed of you."

But it is well to keep the best story for the end, and of all the remarks I ever heard from the old man's lips the one I have now to record beats the lot. It may involve a longish story, but to come at the pith of it it is necessary to recount the various circumstances which led up to it.

One morning, just before or after Christmas, I forget which, but it was in mid-winter, the Tedworth hounds met at Redenham or Weyhill, as it was on a Thursday, and, as was always the case whenever I did go to any of those distant meets, it involved an early start, so that I could go quietly on, and get my horse put in for an hour or so, and fed, before he came out for the day's hunting. I could not indulge in cover hacks and pad grooms, and perhaps enjoyed my sport all the more. Before George Carter was out of bed on

this Thursday morning I was bobbing along quietly across the down, towards the place where I hoped to enjoy a day's sport, the old man never going so far from home, and trusting to my giving him a full account on my return. We had a long and not very busy morning, and later in the day we got away into Doles Wood and Pill Heath, a long way behind our fox and not much prospect of catching him, when, to add to our other misfortunes, it came on thick and ended in a regular fog. 'Twas four o'clock, getting nearly dark, when Mr. Raikes, better known as "Uncle Fred," and as good a sportsman as ever sat in a saddle, as he was acting as "master" for the day, thought it best to get the hounds together and go home.

Now Pill Heath and Doles Wood are almost unknown lands to our side of the Tedworth country; as they are the very extremity of a kind of uninhabited district, and very wide of Pewsey Vale, the first thing to be done was to find out who was likely to be going my way, and act as pilot till I got somewhere nearer home. As good luck would have it, there were two representatives of Pewsey Vale left, as well as myself—for about Christmas time nobody asks whether meets are wide or not, so that we can get to hounds at all. Then there were the two Captain Wellesleys (as

they were then) out, and Conholt Park lay directly in our way home.

Fog or no fog, we got on very well to Conholt ; and a bucket of gruel for the horses, and something besides gruel for ourselves, sent us away a little after five o'clock for our eleven-mile stretch across the down for South Grove and Pewsey Vale. It was thick, and no mistake, but somehow the horses knew their way, though the pace was not much, and the night very dark. It was long past seven o'clock when I found myself in the little village of Milton, and at my own stable door ; and the first thing I heard from my man in waiting was, that Mr. Carter had been up several times to inquire if I had come home, and that he seemed uneasy when he found I had not cast up.

As I was leaving the stable and going up towards the house I heard through the darkness "Ahem !" As the old man would say, "I knowed the note," and calling out to him I told him I was all right, and if he would come in with me to my room I would give him five minutes, while I pulled my boots off, before getting ready for dinner, just to let him know what we had done ; and turning into the room as I was speaking I found it already tenanted, as the lady of the house was whiling away the time waiting for her liege lord, in playing with their youngest child, a little

girl of about eighteen months old, and who ought to have been in bed. The five minutes became ten, as of course there were many things to tell, and questions to be answered as well as asked, and while I was telling the various events of the day, I saw signs, and winks, and smiles passing between the old man and the child—in fact a regular flirtation—and as I knew he was very fond of children, and always noticed mine when he met them in their walks, I found out now this *one* was his especial favourite.

Well, all things must come to an end, and at length, having told my budget of news and answered all the inquiries as to who was out, what we had done, where we found, checked, cast, &c., &c., and, of course, a full explanation from the old huntsman *why* the fox went here, or *did not go there*, just as if he had seen it all, I said, “Now, old friend, I want to get into some fresh clothes, and then dinner, so I’ll just open the door for you,” and suiting the action to the word I went out and opened the hall door for him, and then I heard from the sitting-room—

“Oh, yes, ma’am, a very nice child; oh, a beautiful little child. Yes, my dear, you are a very beautiful little child. Well, good night, ma’am. Good night, my dear.”

"Come along, old friend," I called out, "I want my dinner."

"Coming, sir; coming," he replied; and as he came out of the room into the hall I just caught a smile on his face as he muttered to himself, "*Nice pup; pity she wern't a hound.*"

"*Bravo, old boy!*" I shouted; "that's the best thing you ever said."

"No, sir; no, sir. I beg your pardon, sir. I didn't mean nothing wrong, sir. I didn't mean it, sir."

"*Mean,*" said I; "I know *what* you meant, and *you couldn't have paid the little child a greater compliment* if you'd racked your brain till doomsday. Had it come from *any one else*, I should have been angry; but *you* meant nothing wrong."

But I almost forgot one more story respecting my old friend, and, as it is not a long one, here it is. Our old clerk, who had held the office for years, at length paid the debt of nature, and vacated the post. Who was to take his place? I looked round with my mind's eye, and got puzzled. The Cumners had been parish clerks in Milton for years, and "George" was the last, as the family had died out. First I thought of one, then another, till one evening, on sitting in the old huntsman's parlour, I said, "I say, old friend, poor old George Cumner is gone, who is to succeed him?"

Will you be clerk?" The old man looked up, and, after a moment, answered,

"Well, sir, now you know I would do most things for you, but I can't be clerk, as I fear I might make a mistake in church, and sometimes come out Who-whoop! when it ought to be Amen."

CHAPTER X.

Now it may very possibly be remarked by many of those who may take the trouble to peruse these memoirs, that there are many *well* known stories respecting George Carter, which have appeared in print from time to time, which are unrecorded here, and which should have found a place in what professes to be the Life and Recollections of the great huntsman. To these critics an answer is ready. Doubtless many things have been written from time to time, which have come out in the papers and periodicals devoted to our field sports, respecting the sayings and doings of George Carter, but I fear that many of these are hardly to be relied on; not that I would cast any doubt on the veracity of the authors, but these tales generally have their foundation in "We all have heard the well-known story," or something of that kind. Now, as I said I would at starting, so have I kept myself most strictly to old George Carter's own words. Every incident in his life here recorded has come from his own lips; there has been no attempt at varnish or dressing up;

and as my old friend was most truthful in everything which he uttered, it would have been an insult to his memory to have inserted anything respecting him upon merely hearsay evidence, or to have quoted as *fact*, anything which he would not have endorsed. I myself have heard from his own mouth every single incident which I have now collected into a general whole, and I have often admired the wonderful simplicity with which he gave his own recollections; nor did any of these vary in the most minute particular, though in my frequent visits to his fireside I have heard them, as he would express it, "times and times."

His memory was most retentive, and as a proof of it, he told me on one occasion of his having gone with his father and mother to Ludlow races in 1800, when he was only eight years old; and he gave from memory the names of the horses that ran, their owners, riders, and colours; and turning to a large bureau in his sitting-room, where he kept all sorts of valuables, Louis produced from a bundle of papers, which seemed to have been lying dormant for the last century, a card of the Ludlow races of that year, a copy of which I have, and sure enough he was correct in every particular. It is true there was only *one* race on each of the two days and only three horses started in all, but the old man was perfectly right in his account of everything, though

it happened eighty years back, and he himself at the time I mention eighty-eight years old. The card itself looks curious at the present day, so I will give a copy of it, and here it is.

LUDLOW RACES, 1800.

*On Wednesday, the 9th of July, will be run, in the Old Field,
A Maiden Plate of £50.*

3-year olds to carry 6 st. ; 4-year olds, 7 st. 7 lbs. ; 5-year olds, 8 st. 6 lbs. ; 6-year olds, 8 st. 11 lbs. ; and aged, 11 st. Mares and Geldings allowed 3 lbs.

Twice round the Course, starting at the stand.

Mr. Day's Chestnut Colt, by Tamerlane, 3 years old, 6 st.

T. Knight. Yellow and black cap 2 2

Mr. Erasmus Saunders's Bay Colt, 3 years old, 6 st. Rider

in green 1 1

On Thursday, the 10th,

The Gentlemen's and Noblemen's Plate of £50, for all ages.

Mr. Bloss's Bay Horse Castoff, 5 years old, 6 st. 6 lbs.

W. Bloss. Purple and white, and black cap 2 2

Mr. Day's Chestnut Colt, by Tamerlane, 3 years old, 6 st.

T. Knight. Yellow and black cap distanced


Mr. Erasmus Saunders's Bay Colt, 3 years old, 6 st. 3 lbs.

Rider in green 1 1

Assemblies, Ordinaries, and Suppers as usual.

THEOPHILUS SALWAY, ESQ., *Steward.*

JOHN HICKMAN, *Clerk.*

 N. B.—A Main of Cocks will be fought at the Castle Inn during the Races.

POTTER & COLLIER, *Feeders.*

There are few men who can recall the names of hounds which have distinguished themselves in any particular way in different countries and through a number of years, but George Carter never forgot a hound, and in many instances, as has been already shown, could give his or her pedigree. Exactly in the same way he had a wonderful recollection of runs, and could recount the doings of his pack, even though it were the Grafton, or Oakley, or previous to the date of his having been with either, with the greatest accuracy. He was essentially a hound man, and though he sometimes mentioned some of the horses he had ridden, and could give many particulars about them, he rarely spoke of his own performances in the saddle, or of the animals that had carried him.

Whenever anything appeared in public print in reference to former times in which his name occurred, and it was by no means an uncommon incident, I always alluded to this in some way on my first visit to him afterwards, and tried to draw him out; and if I failed in this, I read him the account itself, and after he had listened most attentively to the recital, his answer to my inquiry respecting it was not unfrequently—

“I beg your pardon, sir, 'tis nothing but a lie; people must live somehow, and some does it by writing, and

perhaps they believe it's true, but 'taint, *or I should have remembered it.*"

But let it not be supposed if he occasionally came out with a strong expression—as huntsmen and many others besides them occasionally may—that George Carter was rough in his manner; far from it, he was a very well educated man, though possibly some might say, "How could that be, when, according to his own account, he had had very small school advantages, and ran away from home and school at nine years of age?" Whatever may be the advantages of book learning, and doubtless in many instances they are great, some people forget that real education begins when school days are over, and the boy first grows into a man and takes his lesson in the great battle of life. It may be true that a government inspector would have found fault with some of the old huntsman's phraseology, and detected many grammatical errors. This is mere red-tapism. No one would have been an hour in company with him without finding out that he was talking to an educated man, and not a clown. His way of expressing himself—his freedom from slang phrases—and his impressive manner, showed at once, not only that he was a man of education, but of refined taste.

He was very fond of quoting from various authors, but the one in which he delighted most was Somer-

ville, and every now and then, when speaking on some point in hunting, he would break out with "Shrill horn proclaims his flight," or something of the same kind, and then he would recite some twelve or twenty lines, exquisitely rendered, while his eye would sparkle, and his whole body gradually move in his chair as if he were once more in the saddle, and one felt on listening to him, to apply his own words, "Oh! it were very beautiful." He may not have had much schooling in his youth, but twelve years with the Duke of Grafton, and twenty-three with the Tedworth, had left their mark, and it was doubtless from the class of men that were the constant guests of his Grace, or the Squire, and with whom the old huntsman was associated, that he took his tone.

His general habits of life after his retirement were very simple; he amused himself about home, occasionally keeping a few sheep and a cow or two, rarely going further than he could walk, except when he came out "a-hunting," and caring very little for society; and perhaps his character could hardly have been better told than in his own words, "I don't drink, nor smoke, nor tell lies." Still, he liked to see some of his old friends as they passed his house in going or coming back from hunting; and I believe he thoroughly appreciated my regular visit of an evening to his fireside.

During the whole time of his residence in Milton he never but once, up to a certain date, had anything like illness that was of a serious character ; and I much feared that at eighty years of age I was about to see the last of my old friend. I remember well paying him, as I supposed, my last visit, and, on taking leave of him, the old man reared himself up, though seeming in the last stage of weakness, and the old fire seemed to flash for a moment from his eyes as he said—

“Good-bye, sir ; good-bye ; God bless you. I hope you will live long to enjoy your fox hunting.”

I little thought to have seen him out again, but I did. The news of his illness quickly got about, and he was actually *killed* by one of the sporting papers of the day ; but then, as the old man used to say, “some people must live by writing, and if they are not mighty particular as to the correctness of their information, they can put it all right the following week and think no more about it.” I know I corrected the error in the paper above mentioned, and thankful enough I was at being able to do so.

In a general way he enjoyed wonderful health, but he was very careful of himself, and most abstemious, and I don't think anything would have induced him to have infringed on the rules of sobriety either in his own house or elsewhere. He told me that once

during his career he had kept a public house, and that was while he was living with Mr. Grantley Berkeley, but he soon got out of that, as he said he had too many friends coming in to see him of an evening, and they all wanted to treat him, and that "drinking and hunting were *two* men's business."

CHAPTER XI.

Now, from what has been said of my old friend, it may naturally be inferred that his was what is called a "green old age." The only indication of age about him was that, about the year 1878, he began to get a little dim in one eye, and from that time his sight failed; but so inscrutable are the ways of Providence, that what might have been looked upon as a terrible calamity, turned out quite the contrary in the end. However much one may have appreciated Mr. George Carter in his public character, it must be remembered that he was, after all, but mortal, and like all other human beings, not without his faults. He was subject to occasional outbreaks of temper, and was not a little imperious in his own house; and it was pretty generally supposed that "the nice, tidy 'ooman" who called him husband, and his children, had now and then rather a lively time of it, if they did not turn to the

old huntsman's "Hallo!" quite as quick as he might have supposed they should have done. Nor did this seem to decrease with age. But a marked change came over the old man as his eyesight began to fail; and though perfectly sensible of the deprivation he suffered, he softened down wonderfully in manner, while he constantly expressed how thankful he felt for the general good health he enjoyed, and the many blessings that fell to his lot. It was, as his sight began to fail, that he gave up hunting, as he said he was afraid to ride when he could not see well where he was going. But in this particular he beat his late master, Mr. Assheton Smith; for if George Carter did not *hunt* hounds at fourscore, he nevertheless enjoyed his hunting long after that period of his life, and his seat in the saddle had lost nothing of its ease, his voice was still cheery and musical, and as to his knowledge of the science of hunting, he had lost nothing of it from the effects of age. I well remember the day on which he entered, on his, I believe, eighty-third year. The Tedworth hounds were drawing the gorse on Clench Common, and it had soon become known that it was George Carter's birthday; the greetings from all sides were of course most hearty, and, as might naturally have been expected, the old man was in wonderful good spirits. Foxes were plentiful enough on the

Common on that day ; but as to scent, there was little or none. I believe foxes know pretty well when they can be hunted or otherwise, and on the morning in question they kept creeping about in the thick of the gorse, giving the pack no end of trouble, but refusing to quit it. Jack Fricker did all he could, but however good the huntsman may be, or however much he may try to do his best, there are circumstances when all his energy may be in vain. I had observed my old friend go quietly away to a ride towards the outside quarter of the covert, and there he sat as mute as a mouse ; but I knew he meant business, and, as I watched him, I fancied his wished-for moment had arrived. There was a kind of excitement about him, though he uttered not a sound, as some of the leading hounds forced their way through the gorse to the point where he was sitting on his horse ; now and then one throwing tongue ; as they could just feel the scent ; as they came up to him. I saw a white head, and the old man, cap in hand, cheered them over the ride. He had viewed the fox across, *but he knew better than to halloo !* Oh ! if every one would but think of this ! He knew the covert was not so thick towards the outside ; and he let the pack come up to him without getting their heads up. There was a crash as the Tedworth big pack got up pretty close to their fox, and had room to move.

The old huntsman "caught hold" of them once more, and it was short work afterwards; for, as the fox would not go, even then, but tried to get back again, he was caught by some of the tail hounds as he doubled, and literally died under George Carter's nose.

Well do I remember it; and doubtless there are many left who will recollect the circumstance, and some one, never mind who, shouting out, as the old man cheered the pack on, "That's a sight for you! what do you think of *my boy* now?" As the old man would have expressed it, had it been of any one but himself, "Oh! it were very beautiful."

But let it not be supposed that the *old* huntsman ever interfered in any way; when he happened to be out; with the duties of Jack Fricker, who was carrying the horn. He was naturally too well-bred for that, and he knew the responsibilities which attached to the one who was hunting the pack. It is possible that on various occasions he might have "down otherwise" than Jack Fricker did, had he still been in office; but he never ventured an opinion, or put himself forward, as many a would-be *knowing* prig might have done; but he was always ready to assist his old pupil, if he could; and we all know that sometimes to "*Halloo 'em on*" is not thought to be wrong by the present huntsman of the Tedworth. Hunting with

the old man was literally a science, and required a deal of study. It was not a thing of the moment, and to be forgotten as soon as the excitement of the run was over. And I have frequently heard him say, in my evening sittings with him by his fireside, and in going over what to many would have been the "long-forgotten past," "Oh ! times and times I've seen, arter I've been a-bed, where I lost a fox."

CHAPTER XII.

IT was not, I fancy, with a very good grace that George Carter first came into Hampshire, as it was a style of country to which he had never been accustomed, and the terribly steep hills, and big flints, especially about Fosbury, Ham Ashley, Coombe, &c., rather staggered him; for if it was bad for horses, what must it have been for hounds? True it was that Mr. Assheton Smith generally had this side of the country to himself; but there were occasions when the Squire could not go out himself, and then George Carter carried the horn. Soon after his coming to Tedworth he was out, in place of Mr. Smith, in the Facombe country, and on his going up to the house in the evening, as he regularly did, to report progress or receive orders for the following day, Mr. Smith asked him why he had not killed his fox sooner, as it had been a long run.

“ Well, sir,” said the old man—and I believe I quote pretty much his own words—“if I had been in a *hunting country* I could have killed him in an hour.”

“ Hunting country !” exclaimed the Squire. “ What *the something* do you mean by that ? ”

“ Well, sir,” answered George Carter, “ I beg your pardon, but where I come from, the servant-girls did used to *buy* flints to strike a light with the tinder-box ” (please, kind reader, to remember this was before the day of lucifer-matches), “ and where I were to-day they were rolling about on the hillside as big as your head, and we couldn’t go very fast over them.”

But there was a still worse evil which he had to contend with at home, when he first came into Hampshire, and that was kennel lameness.

The kennels at Tedworth, in Dick Burton’s time and when Carter first succeeded him, were on the top of the hill, where the dairy now stands, and without imputing any blame to the former huntsman, there was hardly a hound that was free from this terrible scourge. It was decided by Mr. Smith to move the pack to some other locality, and new kennels were built where they now stand. But George Carter had a head on his shoulders, and had come to the conclusion that kennel lameness was caused by rheumatism, or

some complaint of a similar character, and he got Mr. Smith's consent to superintend the laying of the floors in general. The ground was all excavated, under his orders, to the depth of about twenty inches or two feet, and this was filled in with blacksmiths' cinders or clinkers, brickbats, or any other rubbish of a similar character, and then the flags were laid atop of all. Now if any one were to ask the result, let them inquire of Jack Fricker if they ever suffer from kennel lameness now, and I believe he would say it is a complaint unknown in the kennel.

CHAPTER XIII.

BUT if Carter did not altogether relish Hampshire at first—and possibly Mr. Smith's ways and his own did not always agree—he was very just both as regarded the sport to be had in the Tedworth country, and the good points in the old Squire's character. He has often remarked to myself, "There, sir, Mr. Smith was a very odd man, but then he did a deal o' good. Why, just look at the number of horses he kept, and what he paid to the farmers for corn and hay and straw; and then we always had a hundred couples of hounds of one sort and another, and see what they cost to keep, and all money to be spent in the country. And then the number of hands he employed about the stables and kennels and gardens. Why, sir, he kept all the people in Tedworth in some way or another, and all through the winter there were large coppers full of soup for the poor twice a week, and clothing, and blankets. Oh, he

had a deal o' money, and he spent it at home ; and he was very good, and I fear he will be missed mighty much."

But Carter's especial favourite was the Duke of Grafton, and he always spoke of his Grace with the greatest reverence, and his heart was in Whittlebury Forest. " Oh, dear, dear me ! how I should like you to see Whittlebury Forest ! There, 'tis a beautiful place ; for you see, sir, the kennels were in the Forest, and I lived there, and you could take the young hounds out for exercise close home, and there were no stray cur dogs about as may have the mange or anything else, and no strangers nor idle people—burn 'em—and 'twere all nice and quiet, and the deer used to come up and feed quite handy, and the hounds soon got used to them, and never took no notice ; and there, I could sit out at my door of an evening in the summer and hear the foxes bark, and the owls hoot, and the deer blant ; and sometimes of a night, when 'twere all still as still, I could hear a hound just throw his tongue in his sleep, a-dreaming, I suppose, sir, as he were a-hunting a fox. Oh, it were beautiful ! Oh, Whittlebury Forest were a nice place, and I should like you to see it."

It was in October, 1880, that George Carter seemed to break very suddenly, and he fancied his end was

drawing near ; but he never repined, though he had sleepless nights and weary days, as the being confined to his bedroom was not what he had been accustomed to. Still he looked to the bright side of things, and constantly expressed his thankfulness for all the comforts he had enjoyed through life, and even then in his decline. His mental faculties were all perfect, and his memory wonderful as ever. He was still anxious to know of the doings of the Tedworth, at that time kennelled in Marlborough Forest for cub-hunting ; and on my speaking one evening about Jack Fricker, and his having got his hounds together on the line of a fox he had been hunting, where there were two or three fresh foxes afoot, and the pack divided, the old man looked up : “ Well, sir, there’s nothing like knowing the note, and what hounds you can trust. Why, I think I’ve told you, there were a bitch I had once called ‘ Salvage,’ and we were in Doles Wood, and plenty of foxes there ; ’twere early in the season, and the hounds got arter one and another all over the place. Well, I stood still and listened till I heard Salvage, and I know’d her tongue, and she were always right, and she were hunting round towards me, and all of a sudden she stopped. I galloped up to near where I heard that bitch last, and I jumped off my horse, and just hitched him up, when up comes Colonel Lascelles. ‘ Hullo !’

says he, 'George, what's the matter?' 'Matter, sir!' says I; 'why, I'm just going to bring out that fox.' 'Why,' says Colonel Lascelles, 'they haven't killed, have they?' 'Salvage tells me, sir,' says I, '*she* has, and I shall find him.' Well, sir, I forced my way through the wood, and presently I saw one hound come out with some blood about him, and then another, and so on; and as soon as they see me coming they went back, and sure enough, in some brambles, there were the fox dead enough and the hounds tearing him; and there were Salvage, and the other hounds know'd her cry, I believe, as well as I did. Oh, *she* were a beautiful bitch! And I remember Colonel Lascelles saying, when I came out with the fox, 'Well, George, I could hardly have believed it;' but there you see, sir, I know'd."

Of course his expressions were pretty much connected with his former life, but on my inquiring one evening if he had suffered much pain during the day, as he had some rheumatic affection about him, he said, "Well, sir, the doctor says I have sci-sci-tica, or some such thing."

"*Sciatica* you mean, old friend," I observed.

"That's it, sir," said he. "Burn the long words! But it's shifted a bit now out of my hips and got more about my body; but there, I hope 'tis for the best. Get

him off the *foil'd ground*, and then we may catch him and kill him."

Another wonderful proof of the retentive powers of memory in the old huntsman, particularly as regarded hounds, may be given in the following incident, which occurred within the last few years of his life.

Sir Claude de Crespigny had resided at Durrington Manor House for some few seasons, and while there had hunted regularly with the Tedworth hounds. Some time after he had left I received a letter, asking me if I could find out from old George Carter anything respecting a certain hound which was in the Duke of Grafton's pack at the time he was acting as his Grace's huntsman, and might possibly have come with him to Tedworth. Sir Claude was, I believe, tracing out some pedigrees; at all events he wanted to know how the hound in question was bred. I took an early opportunity of mentioning this to my old friend, and he said at once—

"Remember him? Yes, of course I do; he were a very good hound, and came with me from the Duke of Grafton to Mr. Smith's."

"Can you tell me, old friend," I continued, "how he was bred?"

"Yes," replied the huntsman, "he were by —— out of ——" (I forget the exact names); and

calling to his daughter he told her to look in his bureau, where he kept his old papers, &c., and see if she could find a hound list of "the Grafton" of such and such a year. The search proved successful, and as the old man was at that time getting blind, he told the girl to hand it to me, as I could see better than he could; and on looking through the list, sure enough the old man's memory had not deceived him, there stood the name, and *the pedigree was correct.*

One more anecdote as to his retentive powers of memory and I have done.

It was in the last year of his life when I was on one occasion sitting with my old friend, and the conversation had turned on the present abominable practice of hallooing a fox as soon as one catches eye of him, without once considering whether it may be the hunted fox or not. The old man gave his opinion pretty freely respecting this common error, as to its making hounds wild, getting their heads up, or probably indifferent to a timely halloo at the right moment, when it may be really useful to the huntsman; and then he came out, as he frequently did when some chance observation led up to something of former times, with: "Well, sir, now I remember once being out with Mr. Farquharson—for I liked occasionally to get a day with another pack

when some gentleman would kindly find me a horse ; and so I had been out with Mr. Farquharson's hounds, for I know'd Treadwell well, and Treadwell know'd me ; and we had a pretty good day. Well, sir, we had been running a fox in the afternoon for some time—maybe an hour or more—and the scent were getting worse and worse as the ground got foiled, till at last we couldn't hunt him at all ; and as I had a long way to get back to Tedworth, and had to take my horse back and get on the one I had ridden down (for of course I hacked one down), I came away, and they were going to give it up and go home ; so I wished Treadwell ' Good-night ' and away I came. Well, sir, as I were a coming along a ride through a wood, somehow—I can't tell why—I looked back over my shoulder, and, behold ! I see a fox, as I fancied, a following o' me. He were some way off, to be sure, but I know'd it were a fox. Well, sir, ould Carter never halloed—he know'd too well for that—but just turned himself quietly round, and, sure enough, there *were* a fox coming along the ride ; but as I stood perfectly still, and he never seed me, he comed quietly along, and pretty tired he were, by his going, till at last he turned off into the wood ; but I marked the spot, and then, *after he were gone*, I rode quietly back, and just broke down a twig, and then I trotted back to where I had left the hounds, and soon I see

one of the whips, and then I never halloed, but held up my cap and waved it about, and he soon see it, and went back to Treadwell, and told him, I suppose, that ould Carter were making signs. Well, Treadwell know'd then I *had* seen the fox, and on he comed with all the hounds he could get together, and we went back to where the twig were broken down, and in they went, and very soon brought him out, for he couldn't go far, and so we killed him. Now, sir, if any of those gentlemen you speak of had seen that fox, they would a been tally-hoing, and hallooing, and done more harm than good, and never would have killed a fox at all. Oh, dear me, I do like a quiet sportsman."

Now this was, I believe, the true version of the story as it was told to me, for, as usual, I wrote down the leading points of it immediately on my return home, and it came from a man in his ninety-second year respecting an occurrence of some thirty-five or forty years back; and I have no doubt he saw, in his mind's eye, everything connected with it as clearly as when he was sitting on his horse and watching the fox coming along the ride.

But if his memory was good, his other faculties seemed to quicken as his sight gradually declined. He had been totally blind for some few years, though it was not at first apparent to a stranger, as his eye

was full, and lit up with its old fire when anything pleased him, or he became a little excited. Two evidences of this may suffice to prove the truth of the assertion.

It was in 1883 that I was walking a Tedworth bitch called "Matchless," and after she had got fairly handy, and knew her way about, she pretty soon found her way down to old Carter's house, as well as about the village in general, as all the Milton people of every class, especially the boys and girls, respect a hound, and seem to consider him or her their own property. The consequence is that puppies soon know where bones and scraps are to be picked up ; and as the old huntsman's two daughters had much of their father's nature about them, they pretty frequently received a visit from Matchless. One afternoon, as the old man was sitting in his room up stairs, he heard a hound baying under his window, and, calling to his daughter, he asked what hound that was in the garden ? Alice, I believe it was, for I was not present—but she won't mind my telling it, as she was a rare good girl for a hound—looked out of the window and replied, " Oh, 'tis Matchless, father, Mr. G——'s puppy." " I tell you 'tis a *doghound*," rejoined the old man, " for *I know the note*." Nor was he wrong. Within a mile of my house " Monitor," the brother of Matchless, was

at walk, and, as I always knew every puppy in the neighbourhood, Monitor was frequently with me, or rather with Matchless. On my return home I found he had paid an afternoon call to his playmate, and, not finding her, without leaving a card, had gone down the street, and, as was not unusual, looked in at the old huntsman's. In colour, shape, and size, the two were exactly alike, so that it was no discredit to Alice, in looking down from an upstairs window, to mistake the one for the other.

It was in the summer of 1884, and within a few months of the old man's death, I received a visit from Colonel Charles Knatchbull, who was staying in the neighbourhood. Now of all the men of former years that George Carter worshipped, Mr. Knatchbull, of Cholderton Lodge, was the chief; and in speaking of him, as he frequently did, in our many happy hours together, the old man usually wound up with "Oh, Mr. Knatchbull were a nice quiet man, and a very good sportsman."

During the time of Carter's acting as huntsman at Tedworth, Mr. Knatchbull's sons were boys, and as such came out hunting with their father, but were brought up to be "nice and quiet," like their sire. They were not allowed to cock-a-hoop about, and ride anywhere, like some I have seen since, who may fancy themselves

“knowing.” George Carter then knew them as boys, but nothing more. But time works its changes ; boys become men ; some go away here, some there, to their farms or merchandise, or what not, and some into Her Majesty’s service. These last, perhaps, visit the paternal roof-tree less frequently than others, for many reasons ; and it happened that Mr. Charles Knatchbull donned the red coat and epaulettes, as they were then worn, and passed some years of his life on distant stations. He therefore saw but little of the old huntsman, and upon his retiring from the service the old man had gone into private life. In due course of time Mr. Knatchbull left Cholderton Lodge for the happy hunting grounds.

It was not, then, till the boy of former years had grown into a man and a colonel in Her Majesty’s service, that he once more came to reside in Wiltshire. But if the father had passed away, he had left a prototype of himself in his son, especially in voice, which was deep and sonorous. It was, then, while he happened to be at my house one afternoon in 1884, that he expressed a wish to pay a visit to the old huntsman : and together we went. He was aware of the old man’s blindness, so it was agreed that he was not to give any name, nor say who the visitor was. On going up stairs into his room, I gave him my usual greeting,

and added, "Now, old friend, here is some one to call upon you that you have not seen for many a long day; tell me who it is?" The colonel came forward, and taking him by the hand, said, "Well, Carter, how are you?" The old man started almost out of the chair, and while his sightless eyes seemed to gleam as if he saw everything, "Why! 'tis Mr. Knatchbull; I know'd the note." "Well," said I, "old friend, 'tain't *the* Mr. Knatchbull you mean; but you may well fancy that in the one before you his father has risen from the dead." Time had not dealt treacherously with his memory, nor dulled his hearing.

How many more little anecdotes in the life of my old friend could I recount? Possibly very many; but there must be an end to all things, and so there must to these recollections. Still it may be allowable to trouble the patience of the reader with just one more to show the love which the old man retained for the sport to which he had devoted a lifetime. It was on the 5th April, 1884, that the Tedworth hounds met for the last time, to finish the season, and the meet was "Puthall Gate." We had a very good hunting day, and killed the last fox handsomely; and in the evening, on my return, of course I found myself in the old huntsman's room to give him all particulars. We had had one hour and twenty minutes with our first fox, chiefly

forest hunting, and at the last moment lost him unaccountably, as will be the case late in the season, and amongst the fern. The second gave us one hour and twelve minutes, and getting him away, we rattled him over the open, till, ringing back, he pointed for Henswood, a large woodland lying not far away from the forest. Hounds were getting beat, as it was hot, horses had had enough, and our gallant fox tried his utmost. It was from scent to view, and still he struggled on to within about twenty yards of the covert, when his last efforts were exhausted, and down he sank never to rise again. Who-whoop to our fox, and also to the season! Now, was it not allowable to go over this run, point to point, or yard by yard, in my description of it to one who had been far away, but who seemed, while seated in his arm-chair, to have everything before him? "Get on, sir, get on," every now and then broke in the old man, "I see it all; don't dwell on a scent." And when we came to the kill, there came such a ringing "Who-whoop," as one may never hear again. And then there came, "Here, Loui! Alice!—burn the girls, where are they?" "Oh," said I, "perhaps they are gone up into the garden for a mouthful of fresh air: what can I get you?" "Never mind, sir," said the old man, "they will come;" and sure enough at the moment Loui or Alice—never mind

which, for they both waited well on their father—appeared, with “Did you call, father?” “Call!” rejoined the old man, “of course I did; here, you go down stairs and bring up one o’ those bottles that’s in the cupboard in my room.” “Port wine, father?” asked the handmaiden. “No, no, no!” said the old man, “not port wine, I had my glass o’ port wine after dinner; one o’ those long bottles that Mr. So-and-so sent me, you know.” “Oh!” said the girl, “champagne?” “Yes,” rejoined the old man, “that’s the stuff—burn the long words; ’tis the last day o’ hunting, and Mr. G—— and me is a going to drink the toast.” “Now, old friend,” I broke in, “don’t go opening a bottle of champagne for me. You forget I have not had *my* dinner yet, and we can’t drink a bottle of champagne now; have a glass of port wine.” The old huntsman’s face grew stern, and looking earnestly towards me, as if he saw me, came out, “I beg your pardon, sir, but *I* am hunting the hounds now. What’s the use of your friends sending champagne if you ain’t to drink it? You’ll be pleased to sit still, and we *will* have a bottle on this the last day of the season; and I hope it won’t be the last with you, by a good many. *I* sha’n’t never go a hunting no more, but we will drink ‘Fox hunting,’ blest if we don’t.” The champagne was opened, a *part* of it

drunk, and the toast duly honoured. The old man had his *one* glass, and I was obliged to practise a deception on him as to the rest ; for seeing an empty bottle standing on a table behind me, after a while I got hold of it, and letting him feel that it was what is termed, I believe, “ a dead man,” I took the one from which the two glasses were gone, down stairs for the girls, and left it for them to finish at their leisure, under the promise they would not betray me.

I believe I have stated that upon his birthday the old huntsman always appeared in his red coat. It was on his completing his ninety-first year, that he *wore* it for the *last* time ; though I have still something to tell respecting *its last appearance*, for we shall see it no more. Perhaps I can hardly do better than give the paragraph relating to it, which appeared in the *County Gentleman*, of December 8th, of that year : “ On Thursday, November 29th, old George Carter, the veteran huntsman, completed his ninety-first year, and, as usual on his birthday, came out once more in the red coat and white waistcoat at dinner, which he said he could still enjoy. In the evening the toast ‘ Fox hunting,’ was given, and ‘ we have accounted for the ninety-first fox, old friend, and with God’s blessing we will handle the ninety-second this day twelvemonth ;’ and then came in reply, ‘ Very good,

sir, very good. 'Fox hunting! and there ain't nothing like it, or I shouldn't be here.' Blessed as the old man is with health and vigour, and with every faculty but one—sight—may the toast have its accomplishment."

It never did. It is not an uncommon wish with man for long life: it may possibly be too long. There are evil days in which he may find "there is no pleasure in them," and though there is, doubtless, frequently good to be derived from these evil days, and the Great Disposer of all things knows the times and seasons far better than His weak and erring creatures, who too generally are blind to His mercies, still, it is but human nature to fret under discomfort, and so rebel against a Power that ruleth all things.

The last few years of the old huntsman's life were not cheery. Blind, and much alone, confined to his chair, and eventually to his bedroom, as he had a difficulty in getting up and down stairs, he might be justified in the remark he often made, that it was the *hardest work* he had ever done in his life. He had, too, several severe attacks of illness towards the last, which threatened to bring him to his end, but his iron frame withstood them all; he still enjoyed his chats and frequent visits from myself, and one or two others who occasionally looked in on him; and his love for hunting was as keen as ever. He wanted

to know during the season what hounds were doing, and the events of each day, when they could be given him : but with all this he did not forget other things, and frequently spoke with gratitude of the blessings he enjoyed, and of the wonderful way his life had been prolonged. He was not a thoughtless or a hardened man—far from it—but in his own unsophisticated way was preparing for that great change which he felt must soon come upon him.

I am not going to divulge what took place between my dear old friend and myself in the sanctity of his chamber ; but this I say with truth and firm belief, that George Carter was an honest, upright, God-fearing man, during the time I knew *most* of him, and that was towards the latter end of his life ; and if it may be said by any who knew him in his prime—should any such be left—that he was hasty or passionate in the field or elsewhere, I would only ask, “What are you ? What am I ? And which of us is so faultless as to take up the stone ?”

Towards the last few days which remained to the old man on earth, a visible change took place in him. There was no sign of illness, but still he seemed to know his end was at hand, and he was prepared for it. His mental faculties were clear, and his voice strong, till he rambled away into scenes, probably of

former years, and then gradually subsided into a calm, the precursor of death.

On the night of November 21st he passed away. It hardly seemed death, but a simple stepping across the boundary between time and eternity. He had not quite reached his ninety-second birthday, but was within view of it. Seven days more (for it was 'twixt night and morning that he died) would have entitled him to another figure on his coffin lid; but it was not to be.

His funeral, which took place in Milton churchyard on the Wednesday following, was attended by many from a distance, as well as by those who had lived around him.

The old red coat and hunting cap did duty for the last time, as they lay upon the pall; and when the form of the old huntsman descended to its last resting-place, the livery of the chase went with him. He had never disgraced them in life, and they were no disgrace to him now. There let them lie; and when Hound and Horn shall be no more, may the old huntsman be found ready.

Somehow, as if by common consent, one by one, men dropped into a dining-room not far from where they had seen their old friend to ground: a table was laid for any who might wish to refresh the inner man before

hurrying away again. There was not much said, but it seemed like the last meet of the season; and then, one by one the glasses were filled and remained untouched, till a deep and sonorous voice gave out, "Fox hunting! To the memory of the grandest man that ever stood upon the flags, or carried a horn at his saddle-bow—

GEORGE CARTER."

A plain, but very handsome and massive stone of pure blue pennant will mark the spot in Milton churchyard where the old huntsman lies at rest, and show to generations to come how a man who faithfully discharges the duties of his calling in life is not forgotten in death. The list of contributors to this memorial shall speak for itself. The inscription is as follows:—

To the Memory of

GEORGE CARTER,

THE GREAT HUNTSMAN,

BORN AT BROMFIELD, SALOP, NOVEMBER 29TH, 1792,
DIED AT MILTON, WILTS, NOVEMBER 21ST, 1884;

(CARRIED THE HORN WITH
THE OAKLEY, HON. GRANTLEY BERKELEY,
FROM 1831 TO 1833;

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF GRAFTON,
WHITTLEBURY FOREST,
FROM 1833 TO 1842;

THE TEDWORTH,
MR. THOMAS ASSHETON SMITH,
FROM 1842 TO 1865,

WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.)

THIS STONE IS RAISED BY THOSE WHO SO KNEW
HIM IN LIFE AS TO RESPECT HIM IN DEATH.

Earth to Earth.

O Grave, where is thy Victory?

IN MEMORIAM.

The Duke of Beaufort, M.F.H.	. . .	Badminton.
The Duke of Grafton	Euston Hall.
The Duke of Wellington	Strathfieldsaye.
The Lady Charles Wellesley	Conholt Park.
The Marquis of Aylesbury	Savernake Forest.
The Earl of Radnor	Longford Castle.
The Earl of Portsmouth, M.F.H.	. .	Eggesford.
The Lord Penrhyn	Penrhyn Castle.
The Marquis of Worcester	Badminton.
Lord Algernon St. Maur	Wilcot Manor.
Lady Algernon St. Maur	”
Lieut.-Col. Lord Arthur Wellesley	. .	Grenadier Guards.
Hon. G. Douglas Pennant, M.F.H.	. .	Wicken Park.
Sir Edmond Antrobus, Bart.	Amesbury.
Sir J. D. Astley, Bart.	Elsham Hall.
Sir William Humphrey, Bart.	Half Moon Street.
Lady Humphrey	” ”
Major Percy St. Maur	Royal Fusiliers.
Mr. Ernest St. Maur	Wilcot Manor.
Lieut.-Col. Antrobus	Grenadier Guards.
Mrs. Slade Gully	Standen House.
Col. Charles Knatchbull	

Mr. Wyndham Knatchbull	Babington.
Col. Norton Knatchbull	Clatford Manor.
Mr. Wadham Knatchbull	Sherborne.
Col. Everett	Greenhill.
Mrs. Everett	„
Mr. Selby Lowndes, M.F.H.	Whaddon Hall.
Mr. J. N. Astley	Ansley Hall.
Mr. Fowle	Chute Lodge.
Mrs. Fowle	„
Mrs. Fowle	(Formerly) Chute Lodge.
Mr. F. A. S. Locke	Rowdeford.
Capt. Rawson Trafford	Stowell Lodge.
Mrs. Rawson Trafford	„
Miss Ida C. Badeley	„
Mr. Brewer	Garlogs.
Mrs. Brewer	„
Miss Brewer	„
Mr. Best	Red Rice.
Mr. Frank Browne	Wilton.
Mr. T. Pain	Audley Wood.
Mrs. Pain	„
Mr. Rooke Rawlence	
Mr. Arkwright, M.F.H.	“Oakley,” Knuston.
Mrs. Bidwell	Warminster.
Mr. Fitzherbert Macdonald	Salisbury.
Mr. W. Everett	
Mr. J. Everett	Bournemouth.
Dr. Blake	
Mr. Stephen Allen	Eastover.
Mr. Richard Judd	Winterslow.
Mr. Souter	Haymarket.
Mr. A. Ingram	Wylie.
Mr. J. Linnell	Paulersferry.
Mr. Lamb	Andover.

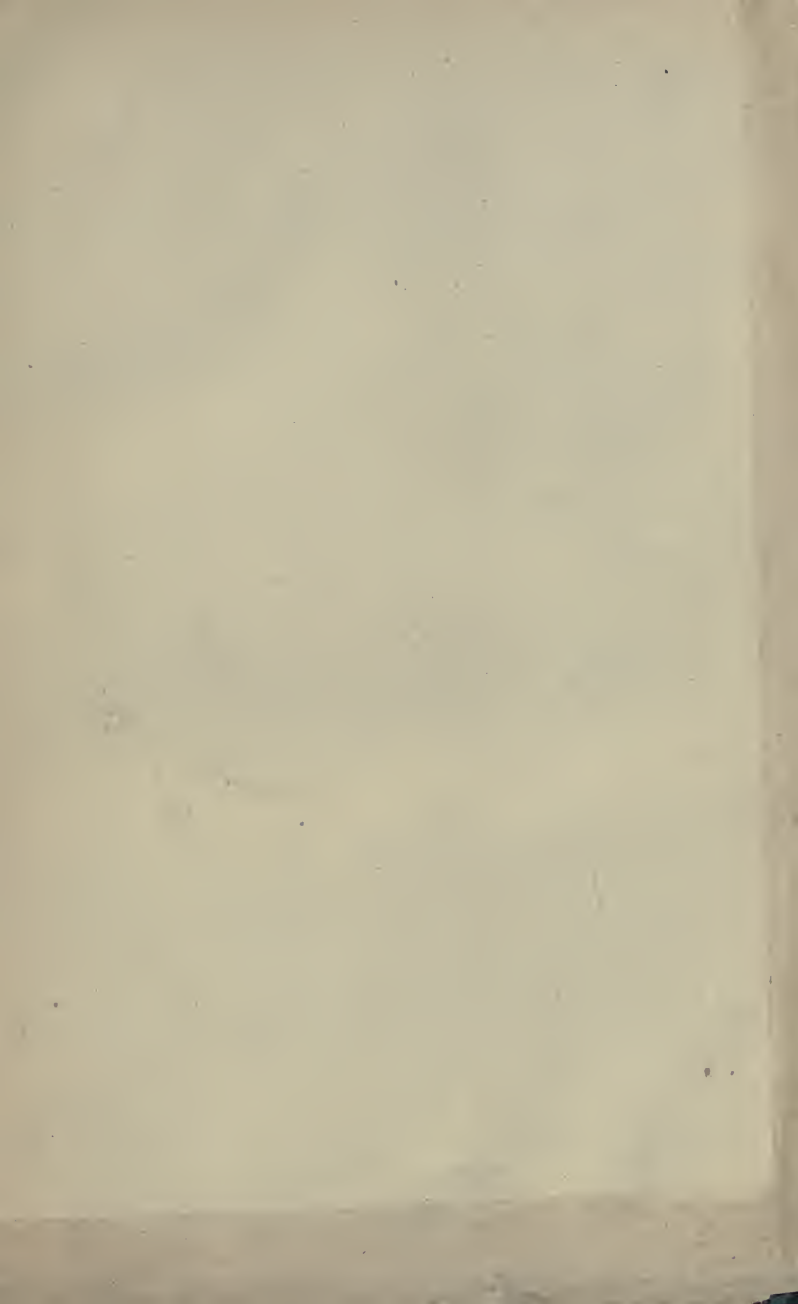
Mrs. Lamb	Andover.
Mr. G. Stagg	
Mr. Charles Pain	Westover.
Mr. Criswick Child	Hurstbourne, Tarrant.
Mr. Bound	" "
Mrs. G. Miles	" "
Mr. Dowling	Foxcotte Manor.
Mr. Merriman	Marlborough.
Mr. E. Fullerton	South Kensington.
Mr. George Everett	Bournemouth.
Mr. J. H. Richardson	Marlborough College.
Mr. Cusse	Chrisenbury Priory.
Mr. Bailey	Pewsey.
Mr. S. B. Dixon	"
Mrs. Dixon	"
Mr. F. Culley	"Star" Hotel, Helston.
Mr. C. Perkins	Marlborough.
Mr. Tudor Johnson	War Office.
Mr. W. H. Gale	Burbage.
Mr. Henry Browne	Monkton.
Mr. W. P. Hayward	Kennett.
Mr. S. Ferris	Bradford-on-Avon.
Mr. G. Ferris	Milton.
Mr. J. B. Somerset	Cairo, Egypt.
Rev. G. B. Astley	Cadeby Rectory.
Rev. A. A. Astley	Everley.
Rev. F. Dyson	Cricklade.
Rev. W. H. Awdry	Ludgershall.
Mrs. Awdry	"
Rev. C. Soames	Mildenhall.
Mr. C. Soames	"
Miss Soames	"
Rev. J. H. Gale	Milton.
Mrs. Gale	"

The Misses Gale	Milton.
Lieut. W. H. J. Gale	H.M.S. <i>Rapid</i> .
Mr. E. H. Gale	Edinburgh.
Mr. Kingstone	Bromsgrove.
Mr. W. J. Kingstone	„
Mr. J. W. Kingstone	„
Mr. J. Haines	East Wick.
Mr. Marsh	Fyfield.
Mr. Gilbert	Milton.
Mr. John Fricker	Huntsman, Tedworth.
Mr. William Dollery	Stud Groom, Tedworth.
John Bevins	First Whip.
John Thatcher	Second Whip.
Mr. J. T. Powell	Easton Royal.

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